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A Little Journey to Historic Lands

By WM. H. MAHER

Baltimore, Where the National Song, "The Star Spangled Banner," Was Born.

Forty years ago there was no city south of Pennsylvania so intensely despised by the loyal north as was Baltimore, with one single exception; that exception, of course, being Charleston, South Carolina. If we had heard of a fire sweeping either of these hated places from the face of the earth we would have felt that a just God had sent it.

Tell your children, you that are in middle life, of the horror that crept into your hearts when you read in your morning paper of April 20, 1861, that Massachusetts soldiers had been killed and wounded as they were passing through Baltimore on their way to Washington to uphold the Union for which their fathers had died. Tell the story as calmly as you can, for before you are through you will be holding yourself in check, lest you say some words you would rather not speak before your children.

Baltimore, in 1900, was the sixth city in size, with a population of over half a million. It is a beautiful and an interesting city, and today is permeated far more with the spirit of northern enterprise and push than with the southern idea of taking life easy. The terrible fire of a few years ago not only did not stop its progress for one hour, but it has apparently pushed the city forward. The burnt district has been rebuilt with handsome business blocks, and now strongly resembles the business part of Chicago.

Baltimore is 38 miles north of Washington, and while your map seems to place it on Chesapeake Bay (just as every map you ever saw puts Toledo on Lake Erie), it is on the Patapsco river, fourteen miles from the bay, and 200 miles from the Atlantic ocean.

Seeing Baltimore.

When one thinks of Baltimore today his mind connects it with two names, as I think you will agree with me; the first, and it is far in the lead of the other, is the Johns Hopkins university, and the other is the head of the Catholic church in America—Cardinal Gibbons, whose home is in that city.

But when one is in touch with the city he finds it has made records in many fields that entitle it to a larger fame. For instance, the first public water company in this country was formed here in 1792. The first gas light company in the United States was organized here in 1816. The first railroad company in America was the Baltimore & Ohio, organized in 1827. The first telegraph message was sent from Washington to Baltimore in 1844. The oldest dental college in the world was incorporated here in 1839. And all Odd Fellows are aware that the I. O. O. F. was started in Baltimore in 1819.

Of course, one must visit the public buildings, and then he should turn his footsteps to the cathedral. This is imposing by reason of its simplicity; it covers 190x177 feet of ground—more than three-fourths of an acre—and the cross above the dome is 127 feet from the ground. Immediately behind the cathedral is the cardinal's residence, a severely plain but dignified building. When we made reference to its unpretentious outside, we were told that it was exactly like its owner; that Cardinal Gibbons was one of the plainest, most approachable and least pretentious men in the city. He has passed three-score and ten, but is young in looks and in feeling. His favorite recreation is walking, and his fine face and tall, slender figure are known to almost every man and woman in the city; he has a kindly word and smile for everyone he meets.

There are two particularly charming places in Baltimore—Mount Vernon Place, where is the first monument that was erected anywhere in honor George Washington; a column of white marble, beautifully proportioned and 180 feet high. The figure on top represents Washington in the act of resigning his commission. Other fine figures are in the square, and handsome buildings surround it on all four sides. The buildings of the Johns Hopkins university are to be seen three blocks away, and a mile away is seen the dome of the Johns Hopkins hospital. Very few cities have such a beauty spot in their center as is this square. In fact, I know of no other to compare with it.

The second charming spot is to be found at Druid Hill Park. It has always seemed to me that the Kentuckian's verdict as to whiskies will peculiarly apply to public parks. Some parks are more beautiful than others, but all parks are pretty. I love parks, and always visit them when I can, but there are very few in my recollection that will compare with this lovely place in Baltimore.

It covers 700 acres, contains hills and dales, fine fields and dense woods, living springs, bubbling streams and a lake from which a jet of water rises 120 feet, to fall in feathery spray at the play of the wind. Not the least of the pretty pictures is the one made by a shepherd and his dog and flock of sheep, on a broad, green meadow. A companion to that is the herd of deer among the forest trees. There is no look of fear of man in their tender eyes.

Lord Baltimore.

You have not forgotten that in 1632 the land now making the state of Maryland was granted to George Calvert, Lord Baltimore, who died before receiving the charter which was given to his son Cecil. And you remember that as the king handed the charter to Cecil, now Lord Baltimore, he asked:

"What will you call the country?"

Lord Baltimore asked the king to suggest a name.

"Let us name it after the queen (Henrietta Maria); let it be Terra Mariae, Mary's Land."

The Calvert family had the control of Maryland until the last Lord Baltimore died in 1771. He devised all his property to an illegitimate son, one Henry Harford, but the dead Lord Baltimore's elder sister laid claim to it. Before this suit in chancery was ended Maryland was one of the United States.

It is pathetic to read that the last representative of the Baltimore family in England was found in a debtors' prison in 1860, by a Colonel McDonald, of Virginia, where he had been confined twenty years! Sic transit gloria mundi!

The city of Baltimore dates back to 1662 for its first settlement, but was named in 1730. The continental congress, when the British were getting too close to Philadelphia, moved here December 20, 1776.

Democratic Convention of 1860.

The Democratic convention, after adjourning at Charleston, S. C., met here in June, 1860, Caleb Cushing in the chair. Here the split between the Free Soil Democrats and the Slave States Democrats was made complete. Stephen A. Douglas and Herschel V. Johnson were placed on the ticket, and the split in the party gave Lincoln the election.

Riots of 1861.

Governor Andrews, of Massachusetts, tendered troops to President Lincoln and was told to hurry them forward. He pushed forward the 5ith regiment, which passed south by way of Baltimore, and was transferred across the city by horse cars.

The ugly, riotous element of the city was bitterly rebel at heart, and expected that Maryland would secede with the other southern states. As the Massachusetts boys went through the cars were frequently blocked, and the gathering crowds on the street were at first content to call insulting names. Later as the crowd grew to 2,000 and more they reached a pile of stones, and these were secured and hurled at the cars till there was not a whole pane of glass left.

The mob continued to gather until the 2,000 were now 10,000, and the cars were stopped by obstructions on the rails. The men were ordered out and formed as best they could, under the rain of stones and the dropping of heavy irons on their heads from the tops of buildings. The order was given to put caps on their guns and then to shoot.

Several times on their way to Camden station they were obliged to fire into the crowd, but eventually they reached their cars and pulled out for Washington. Three of their number had been killed outright, one mortally wounded and eight seriously hurt. Nine citizens were killed; no one ever knew how many were wounded.

"The People Were Exasperated."

The mayor of the city, with the assent of Governor Hicks, sent a committee to President Lincoln to tell him the people were exasperated to the highest degree by the passage of troops through that city, and were "universally decided in the opinion that no more should be ordered to come."

The President told the committee that no more should come "through" the city, if they were allowed to go peaceably "around" it, but this answer did not satisfy the rebels, and they pushed forward preparations to prevent any soldiers going south, by tearing up tracks and bridges and cutting telegraph lines from Washington to the north.

General Butler, who seemed to be always the man for the hour in those days, was placed in command of Maryland, and one stormy night in May, made pretense of taking his troops in another direction and rode into Baltimore, into that same old Camden station, and with the Sixth Massachusetts. He took possession of Federal hill, and in the morning paper made his bow to the people of Baltimore!

Baltimore was conquered. Never again did Union troops have to fight their way across that city.

Why We Stopped in Baltimore.

But interest in this would not have taken us to Baltimore. We had a far better reason for our visit, and one that we felt would have amply paid us even if it had been a longer trip to get there.

Do you remember the story of the night when Key wrote our national song, "The Star Spangled Banner?" Then you recall that he was a prisoner on a British ship, lying off this harbor, and the flag that he watched was one on the fort here. This was what brought us to Baltimore; to stand in that fort and look over the water where Key watched through the night. If you have no interest in that please skip the rest of this article.

Fort McHenry.

The fort was named after James McHenry, born in Ireland in 1753, came to this country in 1771, served in the Revolution as a surgeon until 1778, when he became Washington's private secretary, where he served for two years and then was transferred to Lafayette's staff; was in congress 1783 to 1786. Washington appointed him secretary of war in 1796; he held that office until 1801, dying in Baltimore in 1816. So much for the man.

The fort that bears his name was erected at the entrance of Baltimore harbor, and is easily reached by two lines of street cars, taking one to the very gate. The sentinels on their short beats look at you with mild curiosity, as if saying: "What in the world do you expect to see in there?" and groups of soldiers are chatting and laughing about the grounds as if they hadn't a worry on their minds.

WASHINGTON MONUMENT, MT. VERNON PLACE.

ENTRANCE TO DRUID HILL PARK.

The grounds are well kept; the row of officers' houses, shaded and ornamented by trees and flowers, looks pleasant and inviting, and all the buildings are almost painfully clean and neat, as if children were prohibited from existing anywhere inside the walls.

It is quite a walk to the back of the grounds where one can look down the river to the spot where, September 13, 1814, the British fleet looked at the city and supposed it was already as good as theirs.

The Attack on Fort McHenry.

The British fleet, consisting of 16 heavy vessels, five of them bomb-ships, under Admiral Cochrane, had made full preparation for the bombardment of the fort.

At sunrise the bomb-vessels opened a heavy fire at a distance of two miles down the river and kept this up until 3 p. m. The garrison, then about 1,000 men, was exposed to a tremendous shower of shells, without power to inflict any injury in return, as all the guns in the fort were too short in their range.

One shell dismounted a 24-pound gun in the fort, killing an officer and wounding several men. Admiral Cochrane saw the confusion in the fort and hoping to profit by it ordered three of his ships to move up nearer the fort, in order to increase the effectiveness of their fire.

This was exactly what the American commander desired; he ordered a general bombardment from every part of the fort, and so severe was his fire that within half an hour the enemy fell back; one of his vessels was so badly damaged that it had to be towed out by small boats, to get away from the guns of the fort.

The British then opened a more furious bombardment than before, keeping this up until midnight, when the lookout at the fort discovered a force of 1,200 picked men, in barges, who had been sent up to attack the fort in the rear. This force was repulsed, and at 7 o'clock on the morning of the 14th the British forces withdrew. Baltimore was saved.

Author of the Star Spangled Banner.

Francis Scott Key was born in Frederick county, Maryland, in 1780, and was

FRANCES SCOTT KEY.

a lawyer. He removed to Washington, was made district attorney, residing in Georgetown, and from there saw the burning of Washington by the British, by the same vessels that had failed to pass Fort McHenry.

After the capture of Washington the British took as prisoner a Dr. Beanes, one of Key's most intimate friends, and Key, under a flag of truce, sought the British admiral, who was then lying at the mouth of the Potomac, preparing to start for the attack on Baltimore. Cochrane agreed to release Dr. Beanes, but refused to allow him or his friends to go away at that time. They were treated courteously, but kept under guard to prevent their escape and giving information of the movement of the fleet.

Their ship was anchored within sight of Ft. McHenry, and from her decks they watched the fierce bombardment of the fort.

When this ceased, before dawn of day, the anxious Americans did not know whether the fort had surrendered or not. They awaited daylight with painful suspense. In the dim light of the opening morning they saw through their glasses that the flag was still waving in triumph over the fort, and soon learned of the failure of the British bombardment.

When the fleet was ready to sail Key and Dr. Beanes were set on shore.

The Writing of the Song.

It was during the excitement of the bombardment and while pacing the deck of his prison ship, between midnight and dawn, that Key composed the patriotic song. The rude substance of the song was written on the back of a letter which Key happened to have in his pocket.

On the night after his return to Baltimore Key wrote the song out in full and read it to his uncle, Judge Nicholson, who was so pleased with it he took it to a printing office and caused it to be printed in hand-bill form.

It was first sung at a restaurant, to an assemblage of patriotic defenders of Baltimore, and after that nightly in the theatre, and everywhere in public and private. From Baltimore the air was carried south, and was played by one of the regimental bands as Jackson punished the British army at New Orleans.

The words were set to the music of "Anacreon in Heaven," which has been objected to as "foreign." "It is at least American enough now to be known to every schoolboy; to have preceded Burr to New Orleans, and was sung on the Pacific coast before Fremont's arrival. It has been the inspiration of the soldiers of four wars. It is too late now to divorce the words from the music."

How much more the words mean to one who remembers the surroundings and the suspense of the hour when they were written! Just study the intensity of every line in that first stanza. Perhaps it would please you to get down your old song book and read it all, and refresh your memory.

O! say, can you see by the dawn's
early light
What so proudly we hailed at the
twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars,
through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were
so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs
bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that
our flag was still there.
O say, does that star spangled banner
yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home
of the brave?

Francis Scott Key was the author of many poems, but aside from this national song we have only one other specimen of his work that has stood the winnowing of the years; this is the noble hymn:

Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise
Thee
For the bliss Thy love bestows;
For the pardoning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows;
Help, O God, my weak endeavor;
This dull soul to rapture raise;
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my love be warmed to praise.

He died in 1843 and is buried in Frederick, Md., where Barbara Frietchie, "bowed with her four-score years and ten," hung out the Star Spangled Banner for Stonewall Jackson's men to see. "At every Decoration day the grave is covered with flowers, and the flag which always waves there—the Star Spangled Banner, which his eyes saw on that 14th of September, 1814, rise triumphant above the smoke of battle—is reverently renewed."

This was what we came to Baltimore to see and feel.

What a mighty power it is, this power to make a song for a nation! When the glowing sentences of Patrick Henry, and the majestic periods of Daniel Webster shall be forgotten the song of the Star Spangled Banner will still be moving men's hearts, and teaching love of country to their children.

Much as this noble song had meant to us before, now that we have stood at the spot that gave it birth, we will henceforth have a finer sense of its meaning, and a keener appreciation of what we owe to the mind that conceived it.

We passed out of the fort, glad that it had such a proud story to tell of the way it had saved the city it was built to protect, and we sought the car to take us to the city of Franklin, to the Cradle of Liberty. Be patient; I am almost through!

SHIPS OF DESERT AND SEA

"In going through the Suez canal last summer, I was fortunate enough to see a sight that the captain of our ship said was not at all common," said Mr. G. M. Clark, of St. Louis, at the Raleigh. "This was a big caravan on its way to Mecca, and as it passed quite near the bank of the canal, we got a good view of the pilgrims and the camels. It was in the early dawn of the morning, and the spectacle was of extraordinary interest to an Occidental. The captain told me that it might not be seen again in ten years. The thought came in my mind was that here was a meeting of the oldest and newest things known to humanity—the caravan of the desert and a canal illuminated by electricity—a thing of which these desert dwellers had never dreamed."—Washington Post.

She Paid the Paint Bill.

In Brookline, a short time ago, a woman was brought into court, charged with intoxication. She was fined $10, and as she arose she said to the judge:

"Well, I suppose you need this $10 to help you paint your house."

"Oh, yes," said his honor; "I think you had better give me $5 more, and I guess I'll paint the blinds."

The fine was promptly paid.—Boston Herald.

A FUNNY SITUATION.

Each wore a high silk hat, and each was
garbed in proper style;
Each read his paper gloomily, and simply
would not smile.
"Reform," said one, "is good enough,
but there are times, it seems,
When these fanatic movements may be
carried to extremes."
"You're right," the other man replied; "I
don't care who they are,
There's lots of these reformers who are
pushing things too far."

"I must confess," the first man sighed,
"that I lose sleep of nights
In contemplating all these grave attacks
on private rights.
Why, would you think it? Since the last
exposures have been made
I note a falling off of quite a large per
cent in trade."
"No doubt," the second man replied, with
visage glumly blue,
"My place is losing money for the self-
same reason, too."

"It ought to stop," the first man said. "We
ought to all agree
To stand together in the fight—such men
as you and me.
Why, if we'd simply take a stand and say
the thing must stop,
You know they'd heed us—otherwise they
might hear something drop."
"I'm with you," said the second man. "I
tell you, as for me,
It's either stop reform or close my place—
that's all I see."

"Of course," the first man grumbled,
"that's the very stand I take,
The Absolutely Genuine Pure Foods are
what I make."
"Oh, yes," the second answered, "and
you know just how it is
To be attacked and harried. Now, I'm in
the dance hall biz."
The first man scowled a bitter scowl, and
then away he turned;
The second lit a fat cigar and muttered:
"I'll be durned."

—W. D. N in Chicago Tribune.

NOTHING LIKE LEATHER

No Satisfactory Substitute Has Yet Been Discovered.

One of the most promising fields for the experiments of the inventive genius, whether he be chemist, mechanic, agriculturist or naturalist, is the search for a substitute for leather, says the Boston Transcript. In this day when the supply of leather seems to have reached its topmost record, and its many uses are steadily increasing, the balance of the law of demand and supply must be preserved by the production of some substance which combines attributes of leather. The old expression: "There's nothing like leather," has never been contradicted, but now research must be made till something like leather is found suitable to take the wear-and-tear of the feet of millions, and endure as leather has.

The Japanese present their mitsumata tree, the bark of which has some of the qualities of leather, but the Japanese are buying leather from America, so that their bark is not likely to be produced in sufficient quantities to be practicable. The most natural substitute is some textile fabric of such a material, or so chemically treated, as to be impervious to water, and able to withstand severe strain and wear. Already the cotton canvas has become a popular substitute for leather summer shoes. But so far it is not water-tight, nor durable beyond a certain short limit. Its use is confined to the vamps and uppers of the shoe, the old-fashioned leather being depended upon for the sole. The heel of leather has been crowded out in many instances by the rubber heel. The wooden heel figures prominently in Cuban, Louis, common sense or military styles for women's shoes. But the artificial leather is still unperfected.

Some Kansas genius proposed to press a substance from corn stalks which he avers would serve the purpose. Another wizzard of the Middle West desired a stone sole of a substance composed of marble-dust, sawdust and glue. The ingenous Japanese have pressed a seaweed into a substance which is passable as an inner sole, and still the secret is unsolved. Building on the cotton canvas has produced substances made of canvas treated with rubber, but the porosity of leather is not provided for and rubber is becoming itself a scarce substance.

A Yankee genius has proposed the shredding of old leather, then mixing it with some binding substance and so procuring a built-up leather, but the life of the original has been destroyed. Numerous paths have been blazed out, it will be seen, but the field is still to be traversed in the right direction, and the use of cotton, treated and woven in some way, seems the most promising. The patent leather of today, which is leather varnished and baked till the varnish becomes a hard surface and the leather but a fibrous substance devoid of life and elasticity, has been imitated by treating heavy cotton cloth in the same way with quite similar results. In that direction the problem is partially solved. There is yet to be devised a material which will make the shoes of the schoolboy, of the farmer, the trench-digger and the business man.

THE EQUINE STAFF OF LIFE

We are disposed to attach far too much importance to hay made of timothy. This coarse and woody material has a rather special value in the case of race horses, trotters and hunters, etc., in training, in that its coarse quality allows the gastric juice to thoroughly permeate and mix with the grain with which such horses are heavily fed. The old fashion—not so very old, either—used to be to draw all hay for these horses though the hands, thus stripping off most of the leaves, at the same time carefully culling out all clover, weeds, etc. Nowadays, however, we have realized that there is no danger of any horse eating too much (save in the very rare case of some very robust "doer"), and all the hay is given that the subjects can be coaxed to devour. Clover-mixed hay is achieving the recognition it long has merited, and already the "fancy" grade is bringing top-market rates in all the eastern cities. Hays of many grades are just as useful as the best when properly treated, and the finer sorts are worth much more, pound for pound, than the coarse. Pure, clover-hay has every advantage for horses laid by, or on slow work, or as an occasional feed for any horse, and no tribute is ever paid to its worth or advantages in growing and developing those grand thorough-bred yearlings and race horses which we annually admire as products of "Kentucky bluegrass"—the truth being that this variety forms only a portion of the forage upon which the animals graze for six months every year during their colthood, while the stable lofts and mows are full to bursting with pure clover hay provided for their consumption during the balance of the year, when growth is naturally slowest. Oats cut in the milk make a provender than which there is none better. Corn blades, nicely cured, are excellent eating and most nutritious. Alfalfa has many merits, but is not yet obtainable on the market in any quantity. The various straws have some nourishment, especially that from oats and wheat. Rye is woody and barley (rarely seen) is full of beards which endanger eyes and make sore mouths.—Frank M. Ware, "How to Feed Your Horse," in The Outing Magazine for March.

In the Way.

While one of the canvassers in the recent English election was calling at a humble cottage, he saw the voter's wife and inquired of her as to the politics of her husband.

"Well," she replied, "when he goes to a Liberal meeting he is a Liberal, and when he gots to a Tory meeting he is a Tory."

"But," asked the canvasser, "what is he when he is at home?" and the good woman unblushingly replied: "When he is at home he is a nuisance!"

A SWORD OF THE OLD FRONTIER

Being a Plain Account of Sundry Adventures befalling Chevalier Raoul de Coubert, one time Captain in the Hussars of Languedoc, during the year 1763.

A TALE OF FORT CHARTRES AND DETROIT

By RANDALL PARRISH

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CHAPTER VIII.

I would I possessed sufficient skill to fitly paint those changing scenes along our journeying. With weary muscles and drowsy eyes we steadily toiled onward, dreaming of little else than the stern necessity of haste, that drove us as with whip and spur. The Indians grew sullen and morose at the stern pace we set, so that we early divided our turn at the paddles into four-hour watches day and night, Cassady taking the younger savage as his companion, I the elder, each in turn sitting at the rear paddle, watchful and alert. In spite of many a peculiarity I found the Irishman a good comrade, light of heart and strong of hand, with a loyalty beyond question now that he fully realized the purpose animating me. Nothing tests manhood more surely than weeks of wilderness travel, but this fellow met the test with a tireless cheerfulness which steadily won me to him. Each evening, as we paused on some convenient shore to light a fire and hastily prepare our necessary food for the morrow, the two of us would check up the leagues accomplished, according to the best judgment of all, aided no little in such imperfect computation by the savages' knowledge of the various landmarks along the route.

"Faith," Cassady would usually ask, as I completed my checking, his blue eyes ablaze with enthusiasm, "and whut do the bloody figures make out uv it now, sorr? Do we be still a-gainin' on the half-brade? For be all the powers, me arrums ache clare up to the shoulder wid paddling'."

"Splendid progress, my man," I would answer confidently. "We must be covering double the leagues every twenty-four hours that he possibly can, even if his boat travels without stopping; while if he really has the two women on board, the party will be compelled to tie up and make camp. There is no doubt in my mind but we will head him off even before they enter the Kankakee."

But in truth it was proving to all of us a most weary pull, and a lonely one. However we might smile into each other's faces, we yet felt the steady strain of it on muscle and brain. Only as we thus paused once each day for the preparation of food did my white companion and I exchange words of any kind, while at the paddle the Indian directly in my front sat silent and sullen, bending to his work with a grave impassiveness of demeanor which I knew merely cloaked growing rebellion. In the bow, curled up like a round ball, rested his red companion fast asleep, while the soldier lay extended at full length behind me, breathing heavily from sheer exhaustian. It was only as I ventured to remove my suspicious eyes from off that swarthy, glistening back before me, or those swift, swirling water against which we pressed so sternly, that I caught fleeting glimpses of fair, ever-changing scenes, that will linger, painted upon my brain, until I die—rare paintings of shade and sunshine, storm-cloud and gloomy night skies, gorgeous with nature's brightest coloring or touched by her most sombre brush. It was an endless picture, yet always new, each in turn seemingly without a rival in perfect beauty or solemnity, all surpassing the utmost dreams of human art — a swift curve of the racing river, the sudden upheaval of a rugged rock above the surface, or the gathering shadow of a cloud bringing constantly before me fresh vistas, marvelous in variety. What contrasts there were — the golden glare of the noonday sun across leagues of dull brown prairie, those odd shades of projecting bluffs mirrored within the shadowed stream below, the great hoary trees bending downward until their leaves were kissed by the waters, the night stars drawing lines of silver through the murmuring ripples; while above it all rested that brooding silence of the wilderness depths—a loneliness I seemed to breathe in as though it were part of the very air.

It was through such scenes we swept rapidly forward by night and by day, toiling constantly against the swirl of the current; during the day hours hugging closely the southern bank, seeking its grateful shadow, and at nightfall veering to the north shore, hunting protection against the chill of the wind. At first we struggled against the dense yellow flood of the great river, which bore upon its wide bosom the debris of the farther west. This current grew somewhat clearer as we progressed northward, until finally our slender prow turned into the quieter more peaceful waters of the Illinois. Here the banks became less precipitous and rock-strewn, while beyond that narrow fringe of trees shadowing the river's edge, wide meadows of bright green grass stretched far away to the distant bluffs, speckled over with the red and blue of innumerable wild flowers. Singing birds were everywhere, and their brilliant plumage flashed continually between us and the blue sky, while at night wolves howled amid the black distances, and strange sounds of unwonted terror rolled from out the shrouded plains. It was thus we made it—up broad, majestic waters, along the quiet, silvery river, ever narrowing; past dark, mysterious woods; beside smiling grass-land, and beneath high, frowning bluffs, until we finally found safe passage within the contracted lips of the sluggish Kankakee, where the swamp land, flat and soggy, began to stretch away on either side of us, covered with nodding cane, and alive with birds.

I remember it all still, even as though it had occurred but yesterday —those decaying palisades where the Chevalier de la Salle had erected his Fort Crevecoeur in the brave old days of the explorers, and wherein Monsieur Tonty, that faithful soldier with the iron hand, had struggled so nobly against treachery and want. I stepped upon shore at this spot as though it were holy ground, and stood with tear-dimmed eyes gazing about me upon what little remained as evidence of that occupancy, and dreaming of the past. Yet there was scarcely anything to be seen save some few charred logs, and irregular mounds of earth. Above the fort's site a few leagues our canoe suddenly emerged into a wide lake, formed by an expansion of the waters of the river, which was bordered upon the south by wide plateaus of grass land, while the northern horizon was shut closely in by a high range of hills. Here the water beneath our keel was so clear the unaided eye might trace with ease the yellow reeds waving at the bottom, and view the fishes swimming among them. Later, after the stream we followed had narrowed once again between contracting banks into its regular channel, we passed the remains of several vast Indian villages, deserted and desolate, yet with many a windswept tepee still standing, appearing in the dim, haunted night like shrouded forms solemnly warning us to venture no further. Twice we paused our steady strokes, imagining those fluttering rags a signal from some watchful warrior.

It was leagues above—how many I know not at this late day of writing, for time dims the memory—we came suddenly upon that grim guardian rock which rises directly from the brink of the river like some vast, unrelieved sentinel of the wilderness. We swept toward it in the early gray of the dawning, with an undulating mist partially veiling the lower valley, and never have I beheld a sight of nature more awesome in lonely magnitude, more gloomily, majestically grand. Standing in complete isolation in the midst of rich fertility, that stern, gray pile rose sheer for more than two hundred feet above us, an immense castle of unknown antiquity, a vast wall of barren rock ever frowning down upon the narrow fringe of water lapping its base, and those wide, desolate plains stretching afar upon every hand. I climbed it from the land side, toiling painfully up while the others breakfasted far below in its gloomy shadow, and stood entranced upon the summit, gazing forth upon such a border picture as I imagine few of my race have ever looked upon—the rich, undulating prairies, the softly rounded hills clad in variegated green, with that little silvery stream of a river sweeping far away in sinuous beauty, a narrow ribbon of shimmering water. I recalled hearing that Tonty had once made a fortress upon this very summit, and had unfurled here the proud and conquering banner of France. The memory was as a trumpet-call. A hundred years had circled by since then, but France yet struggled for this same fair territory, battled against a cordon of enemies, and I, her soldier, stood there with kindling eyes.

From this point the Illinois rapidly became shallower, and was navigated with greater difficulty, the rushes creeping down so far into the quiet water that at times we experienced much trouble in forcing our boat onward, while at night he were frequently led astray, as to the proper course of the tortuous channel, among those mystifying reeds. Yet the current was generally sluggish, and we made excellent progress, although the sun burnt our faces brown, and the air behind the dense cane was often stifling. Thus, at last, our bow was deflected into the more widening channel of the little Kankakee, where we held uncertain progress amid dense and forbidding marshes.

During all this time, this ceaseless journeying by night and day, only once had we visible proof of human presence amid that vast solitude we traversed. It was one long stretch of brooding desolation—river, hill, and plain alike deserted and lone, except for wild beast and bird. So isolated were we that the grim silence grew upon us, stifling our words and making each of us morose, fretful, and harsh of speech. Such was the effect of our dreary surroundings, coupled with lack of rest. We saw here and there along the river bank the remains of fires lately kindled, and at a ford, near that lake already mentioned, the trampled mud bore many evidences of moccasined feet, but it was not until we had voyaged beyond the great rock that any savages questioned our progress. Here, where a narrow stream from the north united with our broader river, a great war canoe suddenly shot forth, and effectually barred our advance, the occupants shaking guns in our faces, and with wild babel of voices bidding us halt. I knew them as Pottawattomies by their headdresses, and made short work of the stoppage, contenting myself with an exhibition of the amulet, with an announcement of my rank and mission. Yet they made much pow-wow over it, one old warrior with a slit nose speaking vehemently, before he who seemed the chief among them waved sullen hand in permission for us to pass in safety. I felt, as I looked back to where their long canoe rested a black blot on the distant water, that naught restrained them from making us prisoners but a wholesome fear of awakening the displeasure of Pontiac. God's mercy! what probably would prove the fate of that boat following behind if ever such a crew waylaid it, and dreamed the occupants to be English. The thought shook me as with an ague-chill, yet I merely set my teeth the firmer, and tugged stronger at the stout paddle. I would hold to my plan; it was the only way in which duty and honor stood united.

CHAPTER IX.

It was in such stress we continued pushing our way steadily forward amid those swampy morasses of the Kankakee—weary in body, dulled of brain, yet keeping hopeful of heart, for swiftly indeed had we placed the long leagues of water behind us. Sacre! but that was a dead scene; nor, apparently, had it ending, or any clear way out. Huge trees, gnarled into shapelessness and crooked of limb, hung like immense black shadows above the passage, their trunks rising from out the turbulent water, stripped of bark and shining satin-white in the glaring sunshine. Here and there one had become uprooted by force of the stream or some fierce storm of wind, its trailing branches completely blocking the narrow, tortuous channel, compelling portage up to our waists in blackish slime. Thick bushes, heavily laden with odd red berries bitter to taste, bordered the edge of the current, fouling the paddles, and whipping our faces with wire-like leaves. Trunks and entangled driftwood found lodgment at each sharp turn, compelling wide detour, and rendering travel by night most precarious; while all around us stretched that waste of dead water, brackish to the taste, and frequently scummed over with sickly greenish ooze, its dull monotony broken only by little hummocks of soggy earth. Above this flood waved the matted rushes, brown beneath the sunlight, a vast ocean of undulating cane, mysterious and puzzling. It formed a maddening labyrinth, simmering beneath the noonday sun, the mosquitoes rising in dense clouds around us, ravenous and with stings of rank poison; while at night the enveloping mist-cloud closed us in as with great curtains, the distant stars gleaming red and angry through its vapor, the whole death-haunted swamp exhaling the noxious odors of stagnant water and decaying vegetation, while we panted vainly for a breath of God's pure air. Saint Denis! the very memory of it at this late day sickens me! And it was there that misfortune gripped us, hapless prisoners to a fate more pitiless even than red savages.

First, it was the rain!

God's mercy! how it fell! In driving sheets, away from which we must twist our benumbed faces; in spurts of spray, as ceaseless as that which leaps from out the Niagara gorge; in sudden swift downpour, as if the entire heavens above had yawned asunder to let it drop; and in long, steady drizzle, maddening from its dreary continuance. We were soaked to the skin, dragging about heavily in wet, clinging clothing, our footgear scarcely better than brown paper. The trees overhead dripped moisture in showers; the bushes slapped us with their wet, saturated leaves; the current of the stream we struggled blindly to follow in its bewildering mazes, became swollen and angry, tossing our light canoe viciously in its fierce grip, and hurling down against us masses of murderous debris from above. Those little ridges of land, which before had somewhat guided our progress, sank beneath the surface, the water swirling across them in ever-increasing volume, until we floated at last, wet, miserable, and desperate, in the midst of an ocean, having above its black waste merely the bent tops of the taller reeds and the gaunt trees; while over these hung clouds of lead, apparently so close we might sweep them with our uplifted paddles, and weeping always, until water mingled in all that space between earth and sky. Faith, but we could taste water, as though it had soaked through and through our saturated bodies, as if we had breathed it in instead of air.

It was a pathetic sight we made after two days of such drear struggle. I can close my eyes now and view that picture as it was then painted upon my brain—the narrow canoe of bark, soaked through and through, a slushing puddle in the bottom of it, drenching us to the knees with every swirl of the stream; our cooking utensils, food, and extra clothing, all awash beneath the low seats; our guns soaked and useless, the dampness condensing into great drops along the brown barrels. The naked bodies of the Indians gleamed with wet, the water pouring in perfect streams down the long black hair which hung in straggling wisps over their shoulder's while Cassidy's uniform had blended into an indescribable color, shapeless and sodden, his cocked hat crushed into the merest pulp. I could scarcely forfear laughing as I looked at him, his blue eyes, still filled with unconquerable roguery, peering forth in such odd pretence at mirth from a face solemn enough for the woolsack, streaked with rain drops, and fairly a-glisten with the moisture that never left it. Beyond doubt my own appearance was little better, for with every movement the wet cloth clung to me, and I was obliged constantly to sweep my eyes clear of the blinding spray.

It was my turn to rest, but I was no more than nodding, my back pressed hard against the sternpost, when the slight boat jarred to a sudden violent movement, at once awakening me. I saw the Indian paddler fling backward across his shoulder the heavy blade of his oar, aiming full at the Irishman's head, but the latter pressed in so quickly, with a duck downward, as to escape all but a smart rap of it. The next instant he had struck the savage with his bare fist, and the two, clutching madly at each other, went down together, splashing into the puddle. The second Indian and myself were upon our knees in an instant, for neither durst attempt standing erect in that rocking canoe, now swirling helplessly in the mad grasp of the current. A single glance into his dark face revealed his bewilderment, telling me this was no planned mutiny on the part of both savages. I seized a discarded paddle, crying to him for assistance, and in another moment we had our bow pointed once again up stream. Then I kicked vigorously at those struggling figures between us.

"Sacre! fight it out on land, you fellows!" I commanded sternly, "and not endanger all of our lives because of your hot heads. Saint Denis! one might suppose this downpour would prove a sufficient dampener even for your fighting blood. Let go, you Irish terrier; leave loose of that Indian, or you'll down him."

I grasped the pugnacious soldier by the soaked collar of his coat, and dragged him away, shaking him as I would a fighting dog, marking as I did so the snap of battle in his blue eyes, and how the short red hairs of his moustache bristled.

"Now, sirrah," I exclaimed, as the Indian lifted himself painfully, and lay with head on the seat, feeling his throat with one hand, "kindly explain, will you, what all this means. Isn't there trouble enough already in our situation without stirring up a quarrel in the boat?"

The Irishman curled his lips into an ugly scowl, and squirmed about, seeking to gain better view of his late antagonist.

"It's little Oi ever thought ye'd be one to take part agin a dacent white man, an' side wid a red haythen," he muttered, as though completely dazed by the thought. "Saints aloive, sorr, an' did ye say the nager stroike at me wid the flat uv his paddle?"

"Most assuredly I did, but that is hardly sufficient excuse for murdering him; besides, we yet need his help in the canoe. What started all this trouble, corporal?"

"An' bedad uv Oi clarly know, sorr," he acknowledged with frankness, tenderly nursing the fast-growing bump on his head. "I think thet ould rid chap must hev got a touch uv the ould Nick in him be the way he wint ot me jist thin. Be the saints, an' maybe Oi've dhrowned thet out uv the cratur at least. Shure, an' wus this yer coat, sorr?"

He pointed to a shapeless garment, wet and sodden. I remembered placing it upon the boat's bottom to rest my knees while I knelt in paddling, and must have forgotten it when my turn came to lie down again.

"Certainly, my man; what about it?"

"Thet red spalpeen was a-goin' through the pockets uv it, sorr. He wus so dom tricky an' sly et the job, kapin' his paddle a-goin' all the toime he pressin' his shoulder agin the upper end, thet fer a long while Oi couldn't make out jist whut the varmit wus up to. An' whin I caught on, an' slapped the rid arrum uv him fer fair warnin', he wheeled loike a buckin' horse, sorr, an' whaled me one over the knob wid the stick. Thet wus whut started the foight, sorr."

I glanced curiously at the silent savage, his swarthy face perfectly expressionless, but his narrow eyes having an evil glint in them as he watched us closely.

"You, Cash-le-ta," I said, using his tribal name instead of the Christianized one given him at the mission. "What was it you were seeking in the pockets of my jacket?"

He shifted his steady gaze from the face of the Irishman to my own.

"Cash-le-ta no hunt anything, master," he replied gravely. "What Indian want in pockets of white man? Little man with red hair too dam quick. Cash-le-ta only turn coat over to find dry spot to kneel on."

"Ye're a dom, durty liar!" yelled Cassady stoutly, eyeing him much as an aroused bulldog does an antagonist, his jaw squarely set, his white teeth showing savagely. "Ye wus et it fer full tin minutes afore Oi could aven make out whut the divil ye wus thryin' to do. Be the powers, Oi think ye're no less then a durty thafe, an' Oi'd loike to pull the long, black hair uv ye."

I looked from one to the other of them, scarcely clear in my own mind as to which might be in the right. I could conceive of no possible object the Indian

could have for searching my clothes, unless it would be for money, of which I had precious little, or possibly a stray bit of tobacco. Anyway he had secured nothing by his efforts, and in our present situation it was desirable to avoid even the slightest quarrel.

"Very well," I said, determined to close the incident then and there. "Let us call it simply a misunderstanding on both sides. You've had your fight out, and now had better become friends once more, at least until we come safely out from this mess. Come, Corporal, never mind a little swelling on the head like that—surely it can be nothing new for an Irishman—shake hands with Cash-le-ta, and let bygones be bygones."

He slowly got up upon his knees, steadying himself to the uncertain movements of the canoe, his red face streaming with moisture.

"Oi'll shake honds wid no durty rid haythen thafe," he proclaimed hoarsely. "Bedad, now thet Oi think uv it, 'tisn't the furst toime thet Oi've sane thet same red divil a-prowlin' round whin he thought the back uv us wus turned. Oi don't know jist whut his little game is, sorr, but Oi'll ate me hat uv he ain't up to some mane trick, yer honor."

There was no reasoning with the fellow in his present humor, and I turned my eyes out into that dim, watery mist surrounding us, wiping the raindrops from off my lashes that I might see more clearly.

"By the mercies of God!" I exclaimed eagerly, "yonder is a rock lifting clear above the flood, and to my eyes there is a look of solid earth behind it."

We made toward this oasis with flashing blades, all equally eager to escape from out the narrow confines of the canoe onto any ground, however sodden. It proved to be no more than an extremely small island, rock-strewn, yet with three or four large trees growing upon it, the earth standing well out above the water level, but thoroughly soaked by days of downpour, so that mist appeared to steam up from the very ground, and ooze from out the dripping rocks. However, it afforded us opportunity to stretch our limbs once more, overhaul or damaged provisions, even to sleep in greater comfort than in the unsteady, water-logged boat

We securely fastened the latter to a huge stump standing beside the water's edge, and brought much of its contents ashore, spreading the various articles beneath the partial protection of an overhanging rock, in brave hope of thus somewhat drying them, as the rain had decreased into a slight drizzle. I watched the still irate Irishman and his Indian comrade carefully while we were engaged upon this task, fearful lest a feud had been started which would breed serious trouble to our little party, but observed nothing in their actions to greatly alarm me. The two worked well enough together, although there was a sullenness in the demeanor of the savage I could scarcely fail to notice, while Cassady's blue eyes watched his every motion keenly, and I observed he never once ventured to turn his back upon his late antagonist.

We ate what was possible of our provisions without a fire, as the scattered driftwood on the island was thoroughly water-soaked, and then lay down for the night, close in against the face of the larger rock, so completely exhausted as to be totally indifferent regarding the wet earth beneath, or the weeping skies above. Cassady volunteered to remain on guard (although I saw little enough necessity for such a precaution), and agreed to call me at his relief at the expiration of two hours. The last I remember, the gray twilight was closing rapidly down across the yellow waters; the Indians were rolled up in two dark balls near where the boat had been securely moored, while the Irishman sat leaning back against a tree, half-way between us, his face turned down the river, a black pipe alight between his lips. The next instant I was plunged into a slumber so profound as to be akin to death.

I had a dream; what it may have been in its entirety I hardly know, but out from its strangeness and mystery a great snake appeared to glide along my body, and writhe its slimy folds about my throat. I flung my hands up, seeking to grasp and throttle it, partially awakening to discover my fingers gripping desperately at the bare root of a tree, made slippery by the rain. I had dozed off once again almost into unconsciousness, when I distinctly heard a blow, a sharp cry of pain, then an oath, and the hurried sound of feet running across the sodden ground. I sprang erect, thoroughly awakened, yet still dazed and uncertain. The night was intensely dark, although the clouds overhead had broken, and a star or two struggled dimly through their rifts. For an instant I could discern nothing, but noises reached me from near where the canoe had been fastened, and I started in that direction, moving as rapidly as I dared across the uncertain ground. Then a dark figure crossed just in front of me, leaping noiselessly through the black shadows, and disappeared over the rocks bordering the shore. I sprang forward, shouting a stern command to stop, clutching at the misty form as it swept past, but my fingers missed, and I fell heavily across a root in my path. As I staggered once more to my knees the sound of paddling reached me from the river below.

"Halt!" I shouted desperately, my mind in complete chaos as to what had really occurred. "You out there in the boat; come back ashore, or I fire!"

There was a derisive yell from out the intense darkness; then a voice cried mockingly in broken French:

"Go first get gun, master—red-head choke Indian boy no more."

For a moment my strained ears could detect the soft dip of paddling above the gentle murmur of the water along the rock edge. Then even this vague, uncertain sound died away in the darkness, nothing breaking that grim surrounding silence save the splashing of rain drops against the rocks, and the swishing of branches overhead. The canoe was gone, and whether he would be found living or dead, the Irishman and I remained alone and deserted on that island.

CHAPTER X.

For one awful moment of depression I sank back against that black, wet rock, my head buried in my hands, utterly disheartened. Was this fiasco to prove the end of all our weary struggles to be of service to those behind who were unaware of our failure? I no longer had doubt regarding what had occurred, and the blood seemed to stagnate within my veins as I realized fully our position. It was the vengeance of fiends—a trick the very conception of which could only originate within the scheming brain of a vindictive savage. Its base cruelty, its supreme heartlessness, turned that first benumbing shock of speechless terror into a frenzy, and I sprang to my feet, shouting impotent curses into the surrounding darkness, challenging those skulking red cravens to come back and face me. But my voice died away into the black silence—a silence so profound and solemn it seemed a rebuke to my senseless rage.

It was then the first definite thought of the Irishman occurred to me. Wounded or dead he must be found at once; aided, if any aid be yet possible. This necessity for immediate action served to steady my nerves, yet I moved back through the darkness not unlike a drunken man, stumbling blindly across the rocks, my heart throbbing as might that of a frightened girl. I found him lying at the foot of the very tree where I had last seen him, extended flat upon his face, his hands outstretched in the mud. That he was already stone dead I felt not the slightest doubt; his very posture was that of a corpse. Yet I rolled his limp body over, and bent down, resting my ear against his sodden shirt in hopeless search after a possible heart-beat. For an instant I failed to catch so much as the slightest throb; then it came, faint yet plainly perceptible. Wild with eagerness, I rent open the heavy cloth, searching with my fingers in the darkness for the nature of his wound. It was soon found—a knife-thrust, and an ugly one, although apparently it had not deeply penetrated any vital part. I hastily tore a strip from my doublet with which to bind the jagged opening and stanch the still slowly flowing blood, becoming completely myself again as I thus labored breathlessly.

It was dawn before he came forth from unconsciousness, opening his heavy eyes with a moan of pain, and gazing about him dazed and bewildered. The dull gray light rested in ghastly radiance across rock and river, and as I lifted his head somewhat higher on the support of my arm, his face was not unlike that of a dead man. The very look of it gave me a thrill of despair.

"Do you suffer greatly, Corporal?" I questioned, eager enough to win some consoling word from his white lips.

"Me soide sames to hurt me whin Oi brathe, sorr," he answered, speaking slowly, yet with a strength of voice which greatly encouraged me. "It's where thet snakin' rid haythen hit me wid the knoife, no doubt, but 't is the hump here on the knob thet makes me groggy. Shure an' Oi must hev' fell down on a bit uv rock whin Oi fell."

He lifted his hand and carefully rubbed it over the stiffly cropped hair.

"The dom skin doesn't seem to be broken, sorr, but there's a lump there as sore as a boil." His face darkened, and his teeth set ominously. "Bad cess to the uncIane, durty divils!" he cried, lifting himself laboriously upon one elbow, and staring around. "Jist wait till Oi git me fingers on thim, sorr; Oi'll pay thim out fer the loikes uv this durty job, Oi will thet. Where be they now?"

"Gone back down the river," I answered, memory of our dismal situation recurring to me with fresh distinctness. "They were already afloat in the canoe before I could reach the shore."

"Do ye mane thet them haythen did stale our boat, sorr?"

"Ay, and I presume everything we had carried with it. The first sound reaching me was your cry when struck."

He sat up, carefully working himself into that position, a dash of color creeping slowly back into his pallid face.

"Mother uv God!" he exclaimed, his eyes full of horror. "Do ye raly mane ter tell me, sorr, thet them rid divils hev' left us two here alone, aither to dhrown or starve? Whut will becum uv them poor gyurls?"

"Heaven alone knows, if they are with the half-breed," I replied soberly, not a little moved by his loyalty of heart at such a time. "But if your strength comes back, Cassady, we'll make a fight for it yet. Sacre! we are neither of us dead, and I have been in as ill stress before. How did this thing happen?"

"Bedad, uv Oi quite know, sorr. Shure Oi wus thet bad wore out wid the rain a-drippin' constant on me, and the everlastin' paddlin', thet Oi couldn't kape me eyes open thry as hard as Oi could, an' so Oi dhrapped off asleep wid me back fornist the tree yonder. Somehow Oi moind hearin' a bit uv noise in me drames over beyant where ye wus lyin', but Oi thought it could be no more nor ye thrashin' about in the wet, an' Oi wus thet drowsy Oi cared mighty little anyhow, whut it moight be, so Oi cud kape slapin'. Thin Oi samed to see a slim black figure a-stalin' along loike a snake, about where thet big rock is, but blame me, sorr, uv Oi clarely knew whither Oi wus a-dramin' it all, er whut, an' Oi wus thet near gone in me head wid slapin' thet it did me no gud. The rale thing the woke me up wus a voice, spakin' jist out yonder, fornist the big tree—'Ol've got it,' it sed jist as plain as ever ye heard any wurds in yer dofe, sorr, 'Now let's settle thet red-head.' Shure Oi scrambled to me fate moighty sudden, dazed loike an' scarce knowin' whither them wus min or divils cum for me sowl. But before Oi wus fairly up, sumone plunked me wid the knoife, an' Oi wint down on me head jist where ye found me. An' thet's ivery bit Oi know, sorr, but shure Oi am now it wus thet rid divil Cash-le-ta whut spake them wurds."

"That he had got it?"

"Thet wus it—anyhow thet wus the meanin' uv it. It cum to me thet maybe they'd killed ye, sorr."

I shook my head, unable to comprehend in any way the meaning of the Indian, and in truth thinking but little of it. The early gray of dawn had changed while we talked into a garish light and we could now perceive the reddish glare of the slowly rising sun in the far east, but the cloud-bank held above us like a pall of smoke. It was a melancholy picture which ever way we looked—the yellow, muddy waters, the brown reeds, bowing mysteriously to the slight breeze, the wet rocks, the dripping trees, the drenched and sodden ground under foot. No sound, no life anywhere, yet for the moment the tiresome rain had ceased.

"Well," I said at last, striving to cast off the deep feeling of depression this desolate scene laid upon me, "it makes small odds to us now what the fellow meant, and 'tis like enough you misunderstood him. We have got to make the best of it, and pull ourselves out from this hell-hole if we possibly can. Lean back against the tree-trunk here, my man, while I take a look around, and discover what we have left to work with. I'll rig up some sort of protection for you as early as possible; meanwhile rest easy, and don't do anything that might start your wound to bleeding afresh. It seems to be a clean cut, and should heal quickly."

The inspection did not occupy me long—I discovered a rifle, one I had fortunately slept upon and thus preserved; a powder-horn half filled, but the powder too damp for immediate service; a single light blanket, together with a half-bag of sodden cornmeal. Everything else belonging to us had disappeared with the canoe. The sight of these few almost worthless articles so enraged me for the moment that I stamped along the shore line like a man crazed, cursing aloud those incarnate fiends who had thus cruelly deserted us to a lingering death. The exercise undoubtedly did me good, driving from my body the damp chill of the night, and I returned to where the corporal lay, with clearer brain and a bit ashamed of my childish outbreak. He looked up at me, a sudden gleam of old-time merriment showing in his blue eyes.

"Faith, sorr, an' ye sed all thet enyone wud nade to hav' sed on the subject, an' sed it most nately to me thinkin'." He grinned, good humoredly. "Thim wurds wus a moighty big ralafe to me, for Oi'm scarcely strong enough jist yit for sich violent exercise. But, sor, Oi wud be enjyin' thim much more uv ye wud repate them in English, for sumhow I don't git the full gud uv thim in Frinch."

I laughed, feeling the contagion of his good nature, and taking fresh courage from it.

"It is a weak mind, Cassady, which gives way to such language at any time," I admitted soberly. "But if ever men were tempted, we are. Saint Denis! the very scene about is alone sufficient to transform us both into gibbering idiots. Saw you ever before such dull, dead tints, such melancholy coloring? All nature seems in sombre mourning, while yonder water is as haunted with gloomy shadows as the Styx."

"The Styx!" he interrupted. "Faith, an' thet must be the same black strame thet Father Doyle wus iver so fond uv tellin' about, where the ould chap wid the long gray beard rows over the sowls uv the dade to Purgatory, er elsewhere. Shure Oi've sane them pictures uv it, but Oi've got a foine bit uv meself aloive yet, sorr, be the evidence uv me stomick. Did them murtherous haythen lave us annything fit fer atein'?"

His unconquerable Irish good nature was proof against all evil, and with a stronger heart I immediately set to work to do the best possible for his relief. Aided by those little gleams of sunshine which broke occasionally through the cloud-rifts, I succeeded in drying sufficient powder to assist me in igniting some dead leaves, and finally, by most careful nursing, secured a cheerful, roaring fire against the face of the great rock. The grateful warmth of the flames heartened us both, and when I had stirred the cornmeal into a fairly palatable cake, baked brown in the glowing embers, we sat and toasted our wet limbs, the steam rising in clouds from our drenched clothing, while we discussed our circumstances with renewed hopefulness.

We were seven days prisoners upon that dismal spot before Cassady was in any way fit to attempt travel. I will not dwell upon that heartsick time. Such long, lonely, miserable days they were, while hour after hour I paced the rocks, alternating between hope and despair, my thought ever drifting back toward Mademoiselle, and the terrible possibility of serious evil befalling her. Three of those days it rained; for four days the sun partially conquered the mist-cloud and showered its welcome gold upon us, but I could mark no recession of those waters that held us in captivity. I caught three fishes in that time, and shot one bird—some species of duck it undoubtedly was, but strange to me in its plumage—and these, with the cornmeal most sparingly used, kept us in fair strength. Day after day we discussed plans for escape. The Irishman advocated the procuring of a tree-trunk, and thus floating down stream with its assistance; while I, feeling how utterly hopeless we should be under such circumstances, was favorable to plunging boldly into the swamp, and making our passage northward along whatsoever ridges of higher land we might discover. Somewhere down the great river I had caught a glimpse of La Hontan's map of these wild regions, and the memory held me firmly that there would be dry land in that direction, and not far away. As the corporal became stronger his courage to attempt so perilous an adventure gradually returned, and finally the two of us agreed upon this route, influenced largely by the thought of those girls in the boat of the half-breed. Desperate as it might prove, it yet promised far quicker results with greater liberty of action.

We started upon our journey at daybreak the eighth morning. I bore the rifle flung across my back, and the blanket; Cassady had what remained of our hoarded cornmeal. Both carried long poles with which to steady our uncertain steps in the deeper water. I remember clearly the dull, sombre hues of that gray dawning, and of how we appeared in the dim spectral light, our faces having plainly imprinted upon them the marks of exposure and suffering, our clothing tattered and mud-stained, my head bare, his bound about with a ragged handkerchief. Instinctively, as if in possible good-bye, we gravely clasped hands, and then leading, for I was both taller and stronger, I stepped boldly down into the tumbling yellow flood, he following silently in my footsteps. I had chosen for our departure a point where a narrow ridge of earth wholly submerged yet plainly perceptible beneath the surface appeared to lead almost directly northward, the preponderance of trees showing above the water in that direction also encouraged me in my decision, for I felt convinced that thus hampered, the sweep of the current must prove less severe.

I think we proceeded thus fully a league without experiencing serious difficulty, but with the ridge we traversed slowly sinking deeper and deeper beneath the surface, until the water finally arose to my waist, with so strong a sweep downward that I was compelled to lean heavily on my pole to retain balance. Then suddenly my pole sank into an abyss, and I hesitated, swaying helplessly upon the very edge, and peering forward through those rain-drops again beginning to fall heavily, in anxious quest after some submerged standing-ground beyond. There was a much heavier current here; evidently we fronted the channel of some defined stream now overflowing its banks, and if so there would necessity be an opposite shore, the difficulty being to decide how far away it might lie. I turned my head to glance back at Cassady. He stood breast high in the flood, bracing himself with his long pole, his blue eyes searching the water, upon his round face a look of odd perplexity.

"If ye cud hit thet tuft uv tall grass out beyant, it wud loikly have a bit uv ground benaith it, Oi'm thinkin'," he said soberly, pointing a few yards to my left. "Shure, 'tis the divil's own choice, sorr, but Oi'd jist as soon dhrown as starve to death, or live another wake on this dom cornmale. Bedad, but Oi'm achin' to thry it, uv ye will, sorr."

I leaned forward that I might view the prospect more clearly. The bunch of grass he indicated, coarse and long-leaved, appeared strong and firmly rooted, while the decaying stump of a large tree stood just beyond. Using my long pole for a lever I swung out, landing fairly in the heart of the current, which seized me as if with iron fingers, flinging me swiftly downward in a mad race. Twice I went under, fighting fiercely for life, but as I came up the last time I touched those long grass blades and gripped them desperately. They tore loose one by one beneath the intense strain, yet ever yielded me stronger grasp along the more sturdy stem, until my groping feet, swinging farther in, touched ground at last beneath the ripples, and trembling from exertion I stood erect, the water to my hips, my pike pole dancing merrily away down stream. As I braced myself more securely I faced Cassady, where he stood with mouth wide open watching me.

"Bedad, sorr," he called out consolingly, "Oi thought ye wus a goner thet toime shure. Oi hed an ould black mooly cow oncet whut swum in thet same illigant way."

"You'll find something to do besides laughing if you endeavor to travel that same road," I retorted, breathless still, and not a little annoyed by his light speech. "It is strong as a mill-race. Will you dare try it?"

His teeth shut together like a steel trap.

"Will Oi dare?" he shouted hoarsely, his quick temper up in an instant. "Will Oi dare thry it, ye Frinch spalpeen? May the divil admire me, an' did ye drame Oi wudn't dare do whutiver any dom Parley-voo did afore me? Be the saints, but Oi'll swim thet dom crick wid one hond tied behind me, jist fer the impidence uv ye—here now, catch me toastin' fork."

He swung his long pole across at me, sending it with a swish through the air that plainly bespoke his outraged feelings. Then, with one quick leap upward into the air, he dived headlong into the swirling water, going down instantly out of sight. Mad as the action appeared, there was yet true method in it, for he had headed up stream, and when he came once again, bobbing and sputtering, to the surface, he was breasting the swift current like a duck, fighting valiantly for every inch of way, and steadily circling toward me, as the fierce sweep of the stream buffeted him resistlessly downward. Yet he would surely have gone past my perch, swift as the flight of an arrow, had I not thrust the long pole within reach of his fingers, and hauled him in at the end of it like a red, sputtering fish. For a moment, while he yet swung downward gasping, with the water surging completely over him, it was touch and go, but he held on gamely, and so at last I landed him.

"Be Hivins, but Oi'm wather insoide an' out," he breathed heavily, holding his sides as he spat with vigor. "Shure an' Oi've swallowed a keg uv thet dom muddy stuff, an' it tastes loike a decayin' fish smells. A moighty foine country this, no doubt, whin ye once git down to it, but a bit troublesome to travel over in hoigh wather, to me thinkin'. Wus the site uv yer illigant farm in view from this eminence, sorr?"

I muttered something in response, for there was no hope of silencing him, and then, with his pole in hand, started forward, feeling my way with caution through the somewhat shallow water. Such unquenchable good humor was contagious, nor was it lessened by the Irishman's twinkling blue eyes, and his round face shining with moisture; yet, wet as I was to the skin, sore from buffeting, and with hunger already gnawing unpleasantly at my stomach, I was in poor spirits for laughter. It is better to laugh than cry, no doubt, but there are times when a man can only set his teeth tight in grim struggle to the death.

Saint Denis! what a journey we made that day! Often have I awakened since from nightmare, the perspiration standing in great beads upon my forehead, dreaming I was once again wandering amid the fiendish labyrinth of that death swamp, all about me stretching the wide waste of yellow water, with writhing snakes hissing defiantly from leafy covers, and black crows flapping their shadowy wings in constantly narrowing circles overhead. We won our passage slowly, and through incessant toil, slipping on those narrow ridges of earth, springing from hummock to hummock, or hauling ourselves painfully forward, while lying at full length, by grasping bunches of stout grass. Sometimes we discovered land rising an inch or so above the level of the water—black, clinging soil, into which we sank until our burdened feet dragged like lead. Again we splashed onward through the unvexed flood, feeling for each step we essayed, until the stream crept up to my shoulders, while Cassady's eyes would barely clear the foul surface. Time after time we were compelled to turn back, our onward path blocked by obstacles too difficult to be surmounted, and three times we swam, daring death in the raging waters, rather than retreat. We crept painfully through acres of tough brown reeds, so closely woven together that we clung to each other in fear lest we become separated amid the tangle, while again the long swamp grass, pliable as wire, wrapped its tenacles about us, and lacerated cruelly our half-naked limbs. Out from the heart of the current detached limbs, and even entire trees uprooted, came swiftly bearing down upon us, the swirling root of one sweeping me completely under as it rolled suddenly, and I was only released from its murderous grip by the Corporal grasping my feet as I went plunging headlong down. Once we came to a great mass of this driftwood, so wedged and interwoven we were an hour passing it, often obliged to dive beneath some half submerged trunk, and come up among the tangled limbs beyond. And everywhere were the snakes—water-snakes wriggling their long slimy bodies toward us, while every tuft of grass seemed a chosen lair, and others curled amid the dim shadows of the driftwood. They were in myriads—water moccasins, black snakes, each one looking like the limb of a tree, rattlers springing their sudden warning of death within a foot of us, with many other tawny or spotted things whose names were unknown.

It was already dusk before the good Lord sent us respite. I had been upbearing the Irishman for an hour, the awful struggle having proven too terrible a strain for his body weakened by wounds. I do not say I was then much better off, yet it was never in my heart to desert a comrade to so foul a grave, while I retained sufficient strength to stagger even a yard further. It was not much when we reached it, scarcely more than half an acre of dry earth at the best, with a bit of soft grass at the center of it. But never have I felt downier bed; and when I had dragged the barely conscious soldier up the steep bank to safety, I flung myself prone beside him, nor have I slightest memory of stirring until a vagrant bit of sunshine pried open my eyes the next dawn.

(To be Continued.)

TOO PRECIOUS TO LOSE.

The rollicking youth came into the uptown cafe a little wobbly and leery, but with something of a look of triumph, withal. The well meaning bartender regarded him critically a moment, and then, in a tone of confidence, said to him:

"Say, I can mix you up something that will knock that jag of yours dead in less than ten minutes," and he began the mixing.

"Wazzat?" said the wobbly youth, bracing himself and closing one eye to get a better focus on the bartender. "Mix up sussin' t' knock zis zhag? Why, hully g—hic—gee! 'Sma'r you? I been all af'noon c'lec'n the goods t'genh zis zhag, 'neh cos' more'n sev—hic sev'n dorrars, 'n I've zhis star' dout t' givi' an airin', 'n here's a duck wa'st butt in 'n miss up sussin' t' knock't beast in tem—hic—temmince. Say, son, Y'zhis miss me up a Scosch high ball, by gee, 'n leh—'n leh—'n zizs zhag o' mine in tem-hic-temmince 't took all af'noon t' s'lect, by gee, 'n cos' more 'n sev—hic—seven dorrars! Ch'lifeth' ain't! Nzzstamme? Scoschigh ball, son! Semmup!"

And the bartender withdrew his good intentions and set out the Scotch high ball.—Washington Post.

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SORROW TOLD IN BEADS

Bavarian Substitute for the American Plan of Flowers at Funerals.

In Bavaria you do not send cut flowers to a funeral, but cut beads. And there is apparently no variety of mourning for youth or old age, for mother, husband or father, that the maker of these tokens will not undertake to express.

Symbols of past, present or future emotions, in every color of the rainbow, are offered you at the mourning bead shop at most modest prices. Here in America a funeral wreath of flowers is often a token of debt as well as sorrow, but in Bavaria bright cemetery ornaments that will last a generation are sold for a few marks, a spray of flowers for 25 cents, a small wreath for 75 cents.

Where in a small town in America you will find two or three flourishing florists, in Bavaria there are instead cemetery bead shops. Even in the cities, in Munich, where life fancies itself cosmopolitan; there are few cut flowers to be had, and these are for mirthful occasions only, but everywhere there are showy displays of glass flowers and gorgeous expressions of Teutonic sorrow that will last a lifetime.

To the American mind these gaudy decorations are often at first distinctly shocking. A cemetery hung with gay emblems of sorrow somehow seems grotesque to the practical mind. Picture some dignified man of your acquaintance solemnly following a procession and proudly carrying aloft a huge anchor of glittering beads, with an inscription expressing his grief in purple beads large enough for a necklace.

Yet frequently you see such a sight over there. The Bavarian mourner would no more hesitate to carry this showy symbol than he would to weep in public or talk dramatically in a cemetery or seek the Hofbrau immediately after, not to drown his sorrow, but to find the best earthly consolation.

It is worth while getting a first impression of such a bead decorated cemetery out in some remote Bavarian village, where the touch of civilization has not robbed German grief of its fullest emotional expression, where a lover who would remain true through his lifetime to his departed flaxen haired sweetheart will try to express his sorrow by a large wreath of raw blue bead flowers, sprinkled with huge jet tears. And it is not merely the sentimental who can find satisfactory vent for sorrow in such offerings. The poet, the musician, the man of culture—all alike turn to the colored beads in their sorrow.

One of the most characteristic of these Bavarian cemeteries is out at Dettwang, a tiny, mossy, gray-green village which creeps down to the edge of the yellow Tauber, the smallest old river with the biggest old bridge in Bavaria.

The church is a fifteenth century Gothic edifice, about the size of a family altar in a Rhine cathedral. It has no history and no especial grace, except an altar carved in wood; but one finds a curious contrast between the crumbling old building and the gaudily adorned cemetery, where every monument of stone or wood, old or new, expensive or cheap, carries its glittering burden of anchor, crown or bouquet in colored beads, jet or enamel.

As one turns the corner of the narrow street and first comes into view of the cheerful little graveyard, the impression is of an unusually large and showy outdoor millinery opening, a little garden to display hats, real German hats, for the wreaths have streamers of ribbon and crepe and the crowns have pompons of flowers and the stars of hope might easily be summer garden party hats, especially when appearing in pompadour pink and blue glass with crystal tears on the flower petals.

And the thick, guttural Bavarian pride in these symbols is a source of astonishment to the sophisticated American. They will tell you how the rain cannot injure but really cleans the emblems, and how beautifully they gleam and dazzle in the sun.

Possibly outside of custom and tradition the great appeal made by the glass token to the thrifty German mind is its durability. A wreath once given is there for a generation for church going friends to admire.—New York Sun.

DOG BRINGS KINDLING WOOD

John Hancock has a "kiyoodle" who is more than worth his weight in gold these cold mornings. Prince is the name of the animal, and well enough named at that, as he is a fox terrier who knows more than enough to come in out of the rain.

During the first cold snap this winter Hancock was very much inconvenienced by being forced to descend the cellar steps into the basement early in the morning to carry up the kindling wood to start the fire.

Hancock thought of several schemes to overcome this difficulty, but none of them were feasible. Finally he struck upon Prince as being the only solution of the vexing problem.

Accordingly he set about to train the dog to run down the cellar steps and bring up the kindling wood. It was not a difficult task, as Prince's proclivities were in that direction. One week Hancock had only to say, "Prince, get the wood," and the dog would almost break his neck running down the cellar steps to bring up the kindling piece by piece until his master said "Sufficiency."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

MOTE AND BEAM.

Prof. Starr, the famous ethnologist, was accusing woman of barbarism. "And she is not only barbarous—she is illogical and inconsistent!" he exclaimed. "I was walking in the country one day with a young woman. In a grove we came upon a boy about to shin up a tree. There was a nest in the tree, and from a certain angle it was possible to see in it three eggs. You wicked little boy,' said my companion; 'are you going up there to rob that nest?' 'I am,' the boy replied. 'Think how the mother will grieve over the loss of her eggs.' 'O, she won't care,' said the boy; 'she's up there in your hat.'"—Argonaut.

POWER OF THE HUMAN EYE

Animals Upon Which It Is Safest to Make Experiments.

It is a popular belief, more or less loosely formulated, that there is something so terrible and majestic in the human eye that man has only to fix his gaze on the most terrific denizens of the forest to inspire them with awe. Numerous instances, and some well authenticated, are on record of unarmed men, who have met the lion or the tiger in his native jungles, fixed their eyes on his and compelled him to turn tail.

There is, then, some foundation for the popular belief, but if a man having unquestioned faith in the awe inspiring power of the human eye proposes to put it to the test in his own person, considerable discretion is to be recommended, says Forest and Stream, not only in the selection of his beast, but also in the selection of his locality. For example, he should not make his first experiment with a rampageous bull in a ten-acre inclosure at any considerable distance from the fence, nor would we strongly recommend a trip to the Rocky Mountains with the object of experimenting with a full grown grizzly, for both bulls and bears are fighting animals, and have the habit of meeting their foes face to face.

The measure is successful only with the cat family—lions, tigers, etc., and by no means to be relied upon with them. Hope of success depends upon the fact that the members of the cat family are not to any extent fighting animals; they do not hunt in packs and quarrel over their prey; they very rarely quarrel with each other over the females at mating season, and in striking their prey they never attack in front.

It is a beautiful provision of nature that the lion, the tiger, the panther, the leopards and the whole family of Felidae, are prompted by irresistible instinct to seize their prey from behind, springing on it with their whole weight, closing their powerful jaws on the neck of their victims and dislocating it with one wrench, while their fierce claws penetrate the flesh and paralyze the muscular powers. The tiger pursues the same method, whether his prey is a full grown buffalo or a timid fawn.

The slender doe, with her fawn at her heels, goes into cover for her midday siesta, and confronts the lurking tiger; she barks, stamps her foot and endeavors to bounce him; the tiger fixing his eyes on hers, crawls a little nearer; paralyzed with terror the poor beast is incapable of flight, but unable to sustain the basilisk glance and longer, she turns, as if to essay retreat. At that instant the tiger springs, grasps her neck in his viselike jaws, and the victim dies without a pang.

If the tiger comes unexpectedly on a powerful animal like a wild buffalo and it offers battle, the tiger declines it, but if hungry he will take advantage of what cover there is and maneuvers to get at the tail end of the buffalo and then make his fatal spring.

With civilized men the tiger is more wary, for he stands in more awe of their appliances than of the brute strength of the buffalo. Many a hunter going through the jungles has passed within an easy spring of a tiger lying in wait for him, and before he has gone another two hundred yards the same tiger has again been in position, and yet has wanted the courage to spring; even a man-eating tiger, if familiar with firearms, might hesitate to spring on a man that had the courage to confront him.

In the jungle he would not attempt it; if brought face to face with a man he would crouch, and if the man did not turn to flee the tiger would disappear as suddenly as if the earth had swallowed him, but in a very few minutes he would have secured the desired vantage ground and made his fatal spring.

This is not because the tiger is a coward, but because the human eye is capable of dominating him. When it becomes a question of fighting there is no sign of quailing in lion or tiger, but when it is a mere question of taking their prey the destructive instinct is a purely pleasurable one, the enjoyment of which would be marred if they attacked in front, and provoked their prey to battle; and it is a merciful provision of nature that they show such tendency.

THE HAND OF FATE.

A man went forth at early dawn to commingle with the great world.

As he closed the door behind him his foot slipped and he fell down the stone steps and landed in a heap. He looked about him to see if any one was laughing. But no one saw him, and he got up, brushed off the dirt and tripped lightly, unhurt, toward the gate.

He swung the gate open and a dog ran between his legs and he tumbled into the gutter. He gathered himself together, found he had no injuries and went his way.

He crossed the street in front of a car and was fanned by the monster as it whizzed past.

Further on a runaway team dashed upon him, and he dropped to his knees as the horses spread and the heavy wheels rumbled on either side of him. He got up and journeyed toward the heart of the city.

As he walked beside a tall building a brick from a chimney fell and crumbled into dust at his feet.

Once during the day a live wire came so close to his face that it scorched his mustache.

He sat on a keg of powder in a dynamite factory, and stepped to the door to see what was the trouble and then to the building a meteor fell from the skies and exploded the dynamite works.

On his way home he stopped to rest on the capitol grounds. He climbed up on an old cannon that had been captured during the Civil War. He knocked the ashes from his cigar and started on. Thirty seconds after he had left the hot cigar ashes which he had unconsciously knocked into the touchhole of the cannon caused an explosion that tore up the ground for yards and filled the air with broken bits of iron. He didn't know it was loaded.

As he neared his home a milk wagon came around the corner and missed him by a hair's breadth.

That night he sat down to eat his supper. He said to his wife:

"I indeed bear a charmed life"——

Just then he scratched his little finger on a pin in his vest, and the next week he died from lockjaw.—Denver News.

A NECESSARY EVIL

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QUESTION BUREAU ?

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Sir Philip Sidney.

Editor Question Bureau: Will you give some information about artesian wells. The earth is from sea level to thousands of feet above. How is the water brought to the surface of the earth by boring to sea level?—D. E. S., Salisbury, N. C.

Strictly speaking the term artesian is applied only to such wells as discharge water at the surface under natural conditions, that is, self-flowing wells; but in America the term is commonly applied to wells of more than ordinary depth. These tap subterranean streams or sheets of water, and the water must be brought to the surface by force. The real artesian (natural-flowing well) depends upon geological conditions that are not general. It is necessary that the region should have more or less complete basin-shape, and that there should be a series of permeable covered by impermeable beds.

Mozart.

Editor Question Bureau: Kindly give a sketch of the life of Mozart, the great musician.—G. H. E., Hicksville, Va.

Mozart was born at Salzburg, Austria, January 27, 1756; died at Vienna December 5, 1791. Mozart was baptized on the day following his birth. It was then that he received that wonderful combination of names. His parents were Johannes George Leopold Mozart and his wife Anna Maria. The child was thus christened: Johannes Chrysostomus Wolfangus Theophilus Mozart, entirely too lengthy, think you not, for everyday use? Until 24 years of age the youth with the extraordinary name led a wandering life, being taken on several tours by his father, who, while himself fully appreciating the child's genius, chafed under the disappointments resulting from the fact that it was not productive either of the appreciation or financial returns which it so richly deserved. Later, however, the musical world recognized his powers. Of him, perhaps more than any other of the great composers, it has been said that his powers steadily increased as he grew older; three of his greatest works were composed during the last year of his life. They were the opera "Die Zauberflote," the "Requiem," and the opera "La Clemenza di Tito." He believed that he was writing the "Requiem" for himself.

Notable Eclipse of Sun.

Editor Question Bureau: In a recent inquiry I asked about "the total eclipse of the sun." I referred to the one which occurred in 1868 or 1869. I want to know the year, month and day. You will confer a favor by answering.—G. W. T., Cooksville, Ill.

The eclipse to which you refer was well observed in North America. It occurred August 7, 1869.

Charlotte Corday.

Editor Question Bureau: Please give me a short sketch of Charlotte Corday and her execution.—Dix, Ill.

Marie Anne Charlotte Corday d'Armous was born at Saint Saturnin, near Seez, Normandy, July 27, 1768. Her lover was accused by Marat as a conspirator against the republic, and assassinated by villains hired for that purpose. This excited Charlotte Corday to revenge. History had inspired her with a hatred against all oppressors, and she determined to free her country from Marat. Having left home, she entered Paris, July 11, 1793, and obtained an interview with Marat on the pretext of disclosing Girondists' plots. The assemblies at Calvados were the first subjects of conversation, and Marat heard with eagerness the names of those who were present at them. "All there," he exclaimed, "shall be guillotined." In these words Charlotte plunged her dagger into his bosom. Hearing his call some attendants rushed in and seized the woman. On the morning of July 17, she appeared before the revolutionary tribunal with a dignified air, and her replies were firm. She spoke of her crime as a deed which she owed her country. Being condemned to death, she was guillotined the same day, retaining her presence of mind to the last. Her remarkable beauty and her lofty bearing on her way to the guillotine sent a thrill even through the hearts of her executioners. The young German enthusiast, a deputy from the city of Menz, on witnessing the execution, conceived a romantic passion for the woman, and when her head fell he cried with emotion, "She is greater than Brutus." He wrote a pamphlet, suggesting that a statue should be erected to her memory. He was arrested and guillotined. Another man who had paid a glowing poetical homage to her heroism, shared the same fate before a year had elapsed.

The "Immortal J. N."

Editor Question Bureau: Please give a biographical history of the "Immortal J. N."—E. H. K., Beaver Falls, Pa.

Jacob Newman Free, the "Immortal J. N.," was born at Mansfield, O., in 1826, and lived there during his youth. His father was a minister, and the family stood high in the community. "J. N." at first became a figure of almost national fame during the civil war, when he moved between the north and south, trying to convince both sides that each was "right" from its own standpoint. By one southern general he was placed in prison for a time, being mistaken for a spy. After the war "J. N." became convinced that he was the apostle of truth, and that his mission was to lift the world of the oppression of error. His travels have been country-wide. Before becoming enfeebled by age and sickness his wanderings were almost constant; going from town to town, he would announce a lecture, at which it was his intention to "lift the veil," but these lectures never materialized. He traveled on railroad passes that were usually obtained by visiting the general office of the company, and after inducing a hotel man to throw off half the cost of a meal he would generally agree to "throw off the other half." The end of this remarkable career is fast approaching. The writer of this saw "J. N." less than two weeks ago. Time has left its indelible mark upon him, and the once erect, elastic body has become bent and amaciated under the weight of years.

The Thoroughbred.

Editor Question Bureau: What is a thoroughbred horse?? Is the term applied to other animals—cattle, hogs, etc.? Give all the information you can on the subject.—W. L. M., Moundsville, W. Va.

A thoroughbred is an animal of pure blood, stock or race. The term applies more particularly and exclusively to a race horse all of whose ancestors for a given number of generations (seven in England, five in America) are recorded in the stud-book. In America the name is now loosely given to any animal that is of pure blood and recorded pedigree, that is entitled to be recorded in a stud-book, herd-book or stock register, whose ancestry is known and recorded for five generations of dams and six of sires. As said above, in the most restricted sense a thoroughbred is the English race horse with ancestry recorded in the stud-book.

Mirages.

Editor Question Bureau: Will you please give some information concerning mirages—what causes them? I read not long since of a man riding along the road, when he saw just before him what seemed to be a stream of water, in a place where there was no stream, the waves dashing about, and he expected every step to plunge into the water. Is it possible that such an occurrence should take place on dry land?—B. J. W., Water Valley, Ky.

Mirages are due to the bending of the rays of light in the atmosphere. An early attempt to explain the mirage was that of Monge, who accompanied Bonaparte's Egyptian expedition. He thus describes what was seen by the French soldiers: "The villages seen in the distance appeared to be built on an island in the midst of a lake. As the observer approached the boundary of the apparent water retreated, and on nearing the village it disappeared, to commence for the next village." Monge attributed the phenomenon to the hot sand of the desert keeping the lower layers of the atmosphere at a less density than the upper ones; the rays of light from the lower parts of the sky and objects in the distance arrive at the surface separating the less dense layer of air from those above, and are there subjected to total reflection; the eye sees the sky in the direction of the received rays, and this gives rise to the idea of a lake. This would seem to explain the illusion referred to in the above inquiry.

To Soften Putty.

Editor Question Bureau: I would like to ask if you can give a process by which putty on old windows may be softened? It is very troublesome, being hard to get off.—J. M., Onalaska, Wis.

To soften putty in window frames, so that the glass may be taken out without breakage or cutting, take 1 pound American pearlash, 3 pounds quick stone lime, slack the lime in water, then add the pearlash, and make the whole about the consistence of paint. Apply it to both sides of the glass and let it remain for 12 hours, when the putty will be so softened that the glass may be taken out of the frame with great facility.

Thought and Words.

Editor Question Bureau: Do we think in words?—H. B. Theressa, Fla.

No, we do not. If we did no person would think one thing and say another. Under such circumstances we would have no liars. "Thought is a word of Anglo-Saxon origin, signifying the act of thinking, and the idea, belief or conclusion which is produced by that act."

There will probably be persons who will disagree with this answer, but the Bureau will not discuss it further.

Gen. Gordon Granger.

Editor Question Bureau: Will you please give a sketch of the life of Gen. Gordon Granger? Where, how and what service did he render in the Civil War or in any other war? Where born, etc.? Was he related to Gen. Robert Granger?—W. I. O., Locust Point, Ind.

Gordon Granger was born in New York in 1821. He was graduated from the United States military academy in 1845, served with distinction in the Mexican war; during the civil war was appointed, in 1862, to the command of the Army of Kentucky, with rank of major general of volunteers, was prominent at Chickamauga, commanded a division at Fort Gaines, Ala., in 1864, and the thirteenth army corps in the capture of Fort Morgan. He was brevetted major general for the capture of those forts. He was mustered out of the volunteers in 1866. He afterward was commander of the district of New Mexico. He died at Santa Fe January 10, 1876.

Tax Inquisitors.

S. H. D., Atwater, O.: The newspaper report you refer to is misleading. The circuit court decision, as we understand it, declares illegal the methods of tax inquisitors in collecting fees for property overlooked by assesors, and of which the auditors themselves had cognizance. The tax inquisition law has not been wholly abrogated, thereby the decision is merely an interpretation of the law, and shuts off one of the sources of collecting large sums in fees.

Garden of the Gods.

Editor Question Bureau:—Please give something about the Garden of the Gods, in Colorado, and why so called.—B. W., Ready, Ky.

The Garden of the Gods is a small region near Colorado Springs, in which are seen some of the most striking effects of erosion ever found upon the globe. The Garden covers an area of about 500 acres, within which are strangely sculptured sandstone rocks, red and white; forms of grotesque magnificence—columns, "cathedral spires" and giant figures sometimes appearing almost as if made in human likeness. To many of these shapes have been given distinctive names suggested by their various formations. The road into the Garden enters through a large Gateway of red rock masses, of more than 300 feet in height. The magnificence of this scenery would easily suggest the name that has been given the region.

Signs of the Zodiac.

Editor Question Bureau:—Please tell something about the twelve signs of the zodiac. What do they mean? I remember when I was young some old ladies considered these signs very important, and would walk some miles to see an almanac with these signs in it; that is, if their own almanac failed to show the horrid picture.—B. S., Adrian, Mich.

It has been but a very few months since the Bureau answered the above inquiry more fully than it will do now, for the reason that it does not add to the general interest of the Bureau to be frequently repeating answers. During the Middle Ages the twelve signs of the zodiac, as they are represented in the almanac, were supposed to influence human life, and hence were distributed to different parts of the human body, as our inquirer will see by reference to the man in the almanac with the exposed bowels. Disease was supposed to be cured by the aid of the zodiacal power presiding over that part of the body. A remnant of these superstitions still remains, but the general intelligent public has no use for them, no more than it has for a majority of the signs and omens that have been handed down to us by tradition of the most superstitious character. It might be added that the origin of the names of the animals assigned to the zodiac by the ancients is unknown. Some have supposed that the spring signs: Aries, the Ram; Taurus, the Bull, and Gemini, the Twins, mark the time of the bringing forth of young by flocks and herds. Cancer, the Crab, marks the time when the sun appears to move backward. Leo, the Lion, symbolizes the fierce heat of summer, and Virgo, the Virgin, gleaning corn, symbolizes the harvest. In Libra, the Balance, the day and night balance each other. Scorpius is supposed to have marked the presence of venomous reptiles in October, while Sagitarius symbolizes the season of hunting. Capricornus marks the beginning of the return of the sun to the north; Aquarius symbolizes the winter rains, and Pisces the season of fishes. These representations are fanciful and have no foundation in fact.

The Electoral Commission.

Editor Question Bureau: Will you be kind enough to give me some information about Samuel J. Tilden's election, with reference to the commission that finally decided in favor of Hayes?—F. H. A., Derry Station, Pa.

We will give the whole story of that event in history, with the hope that our readers, who may expect to refer to it in future, will preserve it, so that we may not be called upon to repeat, as is frequently the case. In the presidential election of 1876, four states each sent in different and differing returns, each set having some claims to be considered regular. Aside from the doubtful votes, the Democratic nominees, Tilden and Hendricks, lacked but one vote to a majority. The twenty-second joint session of the houses, ordering the rejection of any electoral votes to which objection should be made, unless accepted by the concurrent vote of both houses, had been repealed by the Republican senate in January, 1875. Its application would have elected Tilden. To pass upon the conflicting returns the electoral commission was created by act of congress, approved January 29, 1877. Four justices of the supreme court (those assigned to certain circuits specified in the bill) were made members of the commission; these four were to select a fifth justice; with these five were to sit five members of the senate and five of the house, each house to elect its own representatives. The commission first considered the Florida returns. The Democratic counsel maintained that the returning board had improperly and illegally thrown out votes, and that the state supreme court had so decided, and also that one of the Hayes electors, when elected, held an office under the United States, and was thus disqualified. The Republicans, on the contrary, declared that the commission had power to examine into returns made in due form; that the first return was in due form; that the second had attached to it the certificate of an officer, officially unknown to the United States in the capacity of certifying officer, and that the third set was also irregular, having been prepared after the electoral college had ceased in law to exist. In the case of the Hayes elector, who held office under the United States, the Republicans maintained that he had, previous to his election, sent a letter of resignation to the officer who appointed him, and that the absence of that officer was the cause of its not having been received in time. The commission in each case sustained the Republican view by a vote of 8 to 7, a strictly party vote. Louisiana sent three returns; the first and third were identical, being the votes of the Hayes electors, as canvassed by the returning board, with the certificate of Governor Kellogg; the second contained the votes of the Tilden electors, based on the votes as actually cast, with the certificate of John McEnery, who claimed to be governor. The Democrats maintained that the returning board had illegally cast out votes; that two Hayes electors were United States officers; that McEnery was the rightful governor, and various violations of state election laws, all of which they offered to prove. The Republican claims, similar to those in the case of Florida, were again upheld by a vote of 8 to 7. In Oregon one of three electors, Watts, was, when elected, a United States officer, being thus disqualified; the Democratic governor, Grover, had given a certificate of election to the other two Hayes electors, and to Cronin, the highest Tilden elector. The popular vote was not called in question. The Hayes electors refused to serve with Cronin and elected a third Hayes elector, as they were by the law entitled to do, while Cronin, by reason of their refusal to serve with him, appointed two other electors; these voted for Hayes. There were thus two returns, one consisting of three Hayes votes, attached to which was a statement of the popular vote of the state, certified by the secretary of state, and one consisting of two Hayes votes and one Tilden vote, with the certificate of the governor and the secretary of state attached. The Democrats contended that the governor's certificate must be considered final, to which the Republicans replied that it was the duty of the commission to see that the governor had correctly certified the returns of the canvassers of the state, and that behind these returns the commission could not go; the governor's certificate they could not review. This last view was sustained by a vote of 8 to 7. From South Carolina there were two returns; one the votes of Hayes electors based on the canvass of the returning board, having Governor Chamberlain's certificate attached; the other the vote of the Tilden electors, with the mere claim of a popular election. The claim was made of military influence in the election, but the Republican returns was accepted. The house voted to reject, the senate to accept the findings of the commission, and a concurrent vote being required to reject, the decision was enforced and Hayes became President.

The Devil.

Editor Question Bureau: Will you please give me all the information you can concerning the devil, satan, his origin, etc.? Was he ever an inhabitant of heaven? We often hear him spoken of as a fallen angel. Give me all the information you can.—P. G. W., Logansport, W. Va.

The editor of the Question Bureau doesn't know much about the devil, and about the only person he ever heard of who thought much of him is the Detroit man who recently had a statue erected to his memory. Incidentally, it should be stated that the statue was afterwards seized for debt by the man who designed it. According to the scriptures of both the Old and New Testaments, the devil is a tempter, slanderer and a tormetor of human beings. The ancients have handed us down all sorts of superstitious belief concerning the devil, who is known by various names. It is not essential to go into these here. It is well enough to let people have such beliefs as they desire; they will be happier, in spite of the devil.

Miscellaneous.

T. F., Mitchell, Ore.: In four states of the United States—Wyoming, Colorado, Utah and Idaho—women possess suffrage on equal terms with men at all elections.

T. B., Lapsville, O.: If you will refer to a recent issue of The Blade you will find in the Question Bureau an article on Death Valley. Do not ask us to repeat.

E. P., Barker, N. Y.: Write to the fourth assistant postmaster general, Washington, D. C., for the rules governing rural free delivery carriers.

J. M. J., Mannington, W. Va.: Take your pearl to some jeweler and he may be able to tell its value. There are many things to be taken into consideration in determining the worth of a pearl; size alone will not do. Even an expert would have to see it before fixing its value.

J. O. P., Westerman, O.: When there are to be any lands opened to settlers you will hear of it through the news columns of The Blade.

H. H., Ft. Wayne, Ind.: In most states the manufacturer may sell any article of his own manufacture in the state in which it is manufactured. You will do well to see an attorney in your case, to be sure you are right.

J. A., Hannibal, Mo.: In our opinion there is no parcels post bill now before congress. England is one of the largest countries having parcels post. We cannot discuss the subject in these columns. That will be done in the editorial columns at the proper time.

J. H. S., Lower Salem, O.: The organization known as the Church of Christ was originally the Campbellite church, founded by Alexander Campbell. This information was given in the Bureau last week, and on one or two other occasions.

M. A. B., Wooster, O.: Caleb Powers is still in prison. His case has not been finally disposed of. What will be done with him? The editor of the Question Bureau is not a prophet, nor even a good guesser in cases like that of Powers.

M. R., Hanover, Mich.: The Moroccan conference at Algeciras grew out of a dispute between Germany and France over trade relations. The conference is still in session.

C. T. S., Morris, Ill.: Astronomers use instruments for measuring distances between stars. A late invention of this kind is the heliometer. It would require a technical knowledge to understand the methods by which it is successfully operated.

A. S. B., Delton, Mich.: If you have read the Bureau you certainly have not missed the articles on irrigation that have appeared during the past few months. At this time there is no more to be said on the subject. The Blade will endeavor to keep its readers posted, but cannot make constant repetitions of information that has already been given.

E. M., Berrien Centre, Mich.: We believe that the Grangers were the first to advocate rural mail delivery. The service was inaugurated by President McKinley in 1897.

H. E. G., Randalia, Ia.: Robert and Elizabeth Browning had no children.

W. W., Buckeye, Ariz.: The drydock Dewey could not well be built in the Philippines at less cost than it requires to build and successfully tow it to those far-off islands. The facilities and the workmen for such an undertaking are not there.

Where German Silver Came From.

One of the oddities of our nomenclature is that the combination of metals known as German silver contains no silver in its composition and is of Chinese and not of German origin.

It was first introduced into Europe by the Germans and for some time it was not generally known that they had simply borrowed it from the Chinese.—American Machinist.

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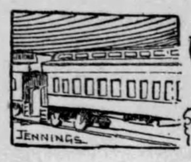

On the NIGHT TRAIN

BY ELIZABETH AYRES

There is no better place to get a kaleidoscopic vision of humanity than in the day coach of a night train on a much-traveled railway, especially if the train stops at way stations. Sleepy time comes early in the cars, and with the wish for sleep the conventions are forgotten, and comfort, so far as it may be obtained, is remembered only.

Under any circumstances one is more likely to come in contact with people without veneer in the day coach than in the drawing room or sleeping car. There are all sorts and kinds going or coming, and these are, more often than not, frank in word and action and afford continual interest to one who enjoys the study of human nature.

A traveler to Toledo in the day coach of a train that left Chicago at seven o'clock in the evening a short time ago, found ample opportunity for this study, and unending entertainment during the hours required for the journey. In the beginning the car was filled with the bustle of departure and of getting adjusted for the night ride. Passengers surveyed one another openly and curiously, especially one young woman whose appearance invited frequent stares. She was totally unembarrassed by the attention she attracted, and she entered the car with the self-satisfied air of the woman who feels that none is more finely dressed. She was a feminine edition of Solomon in all his glory. Her gown was a bright purple velvet, or at least it was near velvet. Deep ruffles of yellow lace fell over her long, white gloves from the elbow sleeves of her much trimmed jacket. She wore a wide hat of purple velvet, and from under its uptilted brim curled a mass of white plumes. Her hair was aggressively yellow, and, drawn over her face, was a veil of pink gauze which enhanced the wonder of her complexion. Her tints, about which there were no half-tones, were pink and white, and there were effective dark shadowings around her eyes. Her face was exquisite in shape and feature. Close inspection revealed that her complexion was made up for the footlights, but from a distance she was strikingly beautiful, with the beauty of some lithographed charmer on an advertising card.

THUMPING HER PILLOW—

Involuntarily one christened her "the Peach," she was so gorgeous in her coloring and so obviously willing to be looked at. It occupied some time for her to get settled and every one in the car took full advantage of the opportunity to inspect her face and costume. The men gazed with half mocking admiration. The women with tight-lipped disapproval, but none the less all paid her the homage of their glances. When she finally sank into her seat with a manner that seemed to say, "This is all I can do for you now," she was temporarily out of the picture, though one could be morally certain that it would not be long before she would find a trip to the drinking water tank necessary.

There was a party of foreigners aboard, three young women and two young men, whose appearance stamped them as vaudeville performers. They were encumbered with an unusual amount of luggage in which a bundle of canes and umbrellas and two huge wooden hatboxes were conspicuous. They appropriated as many of the racks overhead as they wanted and as many seats as they could fill. They were all handsome in spite of their badly adjusted, cheap wearing apparel, and they conducted themselves as if they were the only ones present. They ate with hearty appetites, huge ham sandwiches out of paper bags, and washed them down with ginger ale which they drank out of a bottle. They chattered away in their foreign tongue and illustrated their remarks with many gesticulations. One of the young women calmly took down her mass of black hair and proceeded to give it a fresh arrangement. After she had finished, the effect was undeniably good, and it was impossible not to admire her fresh, untarnished beauty and the rich, velvety color which proclaimed itself as real.

After a time they removed their shoes, loosened their clothing and curled themselves up to slumber, unabashed by the presence of others. One of the young men was an exception. He produced a pack of cards and solaced himself with solitaire until, made impatient by the perversity of the pasteboards, he threw them on the floor with a vicious jerk, and he, too, sought repose.

At the back of the car was another company of travelers determined to have a good time. They laughed and they talked, and they played cards, and they sang songs, until the monotonous thrumming of the wheels lured them to sleep and their voices died away into silence. Their conversation revealed they were a party of married people returning home from a wedding they had attended in Chicago, and one could not feel any hesitancy in listening to their remarks concerning the wedding and the bride and groom since they were audible from one end of the coach to the other.

A little girl with auburn hair tied with huge bows of blue ribbon was traveling by herself. She went early to bed and stretched her small, plump body along the seat, using her rolled-up coat as a pillow. The child did not rest well in her strange surroundings, and every few moments she arose on her knees to thump and beat her uncomfortable pillow into a different shape. She repeated this operation for several times without opening her eyes, though once, probably feeling she was watched, she smiled a sleepy little smile to the world in general and said good night to it again.

There were arrivals and departures at every way station and frequent disturbances when the brakeman called the name of the stopping places, followed with the warning, "Don't forget your packages." The train boy made occasional excursions through the car, but the hour was growing late and there was small sale for his wares.

About ten o'clock there was the sound of a heavy, masculine voice speaking from the front of the coach, which brought most of the slumbering passengers to attention. A new group of travelers had boarded the train, and in the entrance, facing the aisle, sat a little, old woman in a chair. She had been lifted aboard this way and was waiting until a seat could be provided. She was attended by her son and a young girl. The son was a man of middle age, a bluff, hearty, farmer-looking individual, who took everyone into his confidence with the statement, "If the gentleman in the front seat will just let us have it, we'll be much obliged."

The front seat, as it faced another, was almost equal to a section in a sleeping car, but the gentleman in question did not seem inclined to be accommodating. It may have been his senses were dulled with sleep, but at all events he sat and stared stupidly without making a move to arise. A woman who occupied, across the aisle, the duplicate of his position, was quick to respond. "Here," she said, "you may have my place."

She had very little baggage and soon transferred herself to the other side of the car. She was dressed in the gray garb and veil of some religious order, and the elderly woman whose seatmate she had become, turned to her with a look of confidence and pleasure. "That was real good of you," she murmured.

The man lifted his mother in his arms and put her down in the place provided. "There you are, ma," he said, "now get comfortable, for we've got to travel until 3 o'clock. Want your feet up? Of course you do. There you are again, old lady."

He spread his overcoat across her knees and hovered over her with loving attention. "Naw, I don't want the overcoat," he protested. "So fur as I'm concerned, I wish I'd packed it in the trunk. I'm most boiled."

His mother was a very old woman, and seemed to be helpless. The only young thing about her were her eyes, and these looked out of her withered face with a brightness that was startlingly youthful. The young girl sat beside her, and held herself so her grandmother might rest against her for support.

"Sure, the chair's all right," the man assured his mother loudly. "No one ain't going to run away with that old wreck," he added with a reassuring laugh. "Naw, I don't want the overcoat," he insisted, I'm most boiled. Remember now, we've got to travel until three o'clock."

Quietness gradually settled over the newcomers. The man took a place on the opposite side of the car and leaned his head against the window. His mother called to ask if he were going to sleep.

"Sleep? Nothin'!" he declared. "If you want me, you just sing out. Sleep? Nothin'!" he repeated with fine scorn of such a possibility.

"Jimmy, be you sleepin'?" the old woman quavered again, after a few moments of silence.

"Naw," returned her son. "Sleep? Nothin'! My feet hurt me so I can't sleep. Sleep? Nothin'! don't you worry none, ma."

He made a brave effort to keep awake, but drowsiness conquered him and his heavy breathing betrayed that he had forgotten his surroundings. At a word from her grandmother, the young girl brought the overcoat and spread it across the unconscious man. He awakened enough to utter a feeble protest. "Sleep? Nothin'!" he muttered, and drew the coat over his face.

The old woman sat with her young eyes wide and alert, looking out of her old, old face, and watchful of all that was passing. She had no thought of slumber. Beside her was the young girl, and across the aisle her tired boy was resting, so all was well.

As the night advanced there were few changes among the occupants of the car. At a station near Toledo a man came to increase the number and to beguile the way with song. He was considerate enough to restrain his enthusiasm to humming, but occasionally above the sounds of the moving train, could be heard his light tenor, voicing the popular airs. He kept up the concert without intermission, and if appearances are to be trusted, he is probably singing yet.

By the time the lights of Toledo twinkled in the distance, the car was the abode of oblivion for nearly everyone whose destination was still afar. The foreigners were sweetly sleeping, stretched about in careless attitudes, indifferent to publicity. "The Peach" had joined the majority and slumbered soundly, with her hat pitched rakishly over one eye and her complexion rubbing off against the prickly upholstery. The little old woman sat with her eyes still wide open and piercing in their gaze. The young girl's head had fallen against her grandmother's shoulder and across the aisle her son slept on, with his breath coming puffingly from beneath the sheltering folds of his overcoat.

"The next station at which this train stops is Toledo. Don't forget your packages," droned the brakeman.

The Sunday School.

LIFE'S GREAT GOALS.

The International Sunday School Lesson for March 11, is "The Tongue and the Temper." Matt. 5:33-48. The Golden Text is, "Keep the door of my lips." Psa. 141:3.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

The lifting power of lofty truths keeps humanity on the up-grade. Great ideals make a nation great. The Christian church has for twenty centuries towered above its environment, and raised the latter up toward its own level, because of the exalted principles which are her standards. The greatest claim that other religions make for themselves, that they possess teachings similar to those of Jesus, progress, equality or superiority, is the entire content of their doctrines.

The power of a single noble truth to transform a human life is illustrated every day. Almost every serious and successful man has a life motto; and usually, if we could have a peep into his wallet we would find there one or more inspiring quotations which represent his most introspective moods. Jesus thus grips life by His teachings and by His life. In the Sermon on the Mount, a fragment of which is the day's lesson, He enunciates great and fundamental principles of action, which are at once laws and goals.

Truths for the Times.

The Sermon on the Mount is not the climax of Christ's teaching; His life outran His words, and the doctrine expressed on Mount Calvary is on a higher plan than that set forth on the Galilean mountain.

The ethics of Jesus as lived are sublimer than the ethics of Jesus as delivered to His disciples on the Mount. Therein He differs from all other philosophers and teachers.

Three truths for the times have been selected by the lesson committee from the entire discourse for present study. One has to do with speech; the second with actions toward and enemy; and the third is the spirit's attitude toward life at large. The title, "The Tongue and the Temper," is inadequate. A wide scope of conduct is embraced, the principles ascending to the conception of such wholeness and symmetry and perfection of life as resembles that of the Father in heaven.

Tripped by the Tongue.

Prolix profanity and idle oaths were an evil of the Master's time, as of ours. "Swear not at all," is the point of His first teaching here. Every man who has studied human nature has marveled over its proneness to offend with the tongue. Kipling expresses his view in modern phrase when he says that a man may hold any sort of job if he will only hold his tongue. Every kind of foolishness expresses itself by foolish speech. The Jew was quick to swear by his head, by heaven, by earth, by sun, by the holy city and by the temple, for his extravagant speech needed, he felt, some such substantiation. Against all frivolous and futile doctrine Jesus protested; His words were not directed against judicial paths, but were a strong plea for simpleness and integrity of speech. For language mirrors thought; cheap, vague, careless and unoriginal speech betrays the same kind of thinking.

If the ancient Jews, with their meaningless oaths, were any more profane than twentieth century America they were in a bad way indeed. Even the most delicate and sheltered sensibilities of girlhood are obliged to undergo the offense of hearing all women profane and lewd speech on the public highway; and even reputable prints are not guiltless in this particular.

"I didn't think," expresses the swearer, when remonstrated with. Of course he did not; no fact concerning present-day profanity is more patent than its lack of thought. Inability to use words discriminatingly is the reason why many persons have recourse to stereotyped oaths. The presence of profanity denotes the absence of thought. "Strong speech" is a sign of a weak mind.

A Fourfold Indictment.

Four indictments may clearly be brought against the contemporaneous habit of vile language: 1. It is meaningless. Oaths are employed without any respect to their significance; or interlaided without sense or sequence. 2. Profanity is unoriginal. One does not hear a new oath in a year. The stupidest gutter drunkard is as adept at swearing as the college student. It needs no brains to be profane. 3. Profanity is unrefined. By a common consciousness of the fitness of things, it is debarred from good society. The worst people, when at their best, eschew it. Moreover, serious of all, profanity is irreverent. It does violence to man's respect for Jehovah, who has said, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." The law as delivered on Mount Sinai, and as simplified in the Sermon on the Mount, is clearly violated by the light and unthinking use of oaths.

An encouraging sign of the times, in this respect, is the rapid spread of the Holy Name society in the Roman Catholic church, which forbids profanity and inculcates reverence for the divine name. A more general solution for the Anti-profanity society, which is finding many adherents. Out of consideration for the purity of the mother tongue, for the careful use of words, for refinement and elegance of speech, and for the Name of Him of whom it is written, "Holy and revered is His Name," simple, clean and chaste language is to be promoted.

How Hate Hurts.

The soul-shriveling principle of retaliation—"an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth"—comes in next for condemnation of Jesus. Instead of a close reckoning of vengeance and justice, he would substitute tolerance and magnanimity. No man can really afford to hate, since hate hurts the hater more than the hated. No harm that may be done to an enemy can equal the harm done to one's self. On so low a basis as that of sheer self-interest, it is better to suffer wrong than to pursue revenge.

The magnanimous man conquers both himself and his foe. By this gentle principle, strikingly in contrast with the world's cruel way, Christianity has won notable victories. The meekness of the martyr has more than once converted his slayer. The way Christians can endure extreme injustice has power to overcome even savage foes. One consequence of the Boxer outbreak in China has been an extraordinary increase of accessions to the Christian churches, due, at least, in part, to the way Christians conducted themselves during that bloody period.

Everybody is at some time wronged by somebody. Many feel that circumstances wrong them, "compel" them, as the word here used has it, making drudges and conveniences of them. How shall the injured one retaliate? May he grow bitter in spirit, and by being a hater become hateful, with a grievance against life! Surely not; a soured spirit is a sorry spectacle. The Jesus way is better, for it gives one the spirit of a true conqueror. Some may master circumstances. He who rises serene and strong in his own spirit above every injustice is more than victor. No enemy can do real hurt to the person who refuses to become vengeful and retaliatory, but maintains, instead, the forgiving spirit of Jesus.

The Ultimate Goal.

One of the most difficult, as well as one of the most noble, obligations of the Christian religion is laid down by the great Teacher in the principle, "Love your enemies, and pray for them that persecute you."

With something akin to irony Jesus depicted the little, two-by-four code of conduct, which made a man love his own, serve those who served him, and hate those who hated him. Even the despised tax gatherers, the social pariahs of Judaism, and the heathens beyond the pale, did this.

This was a novel creed, and utterly allen to the nature of the God whom Jesus called Father. All who would show themselves of the lineage and character of this Father, proving themselves his sons, must rise to a higher divine plane. The quality of such transcendent forgiveness has been recognized by the great authors. There is scarcely a finer picture in literature than Victor Hugo's portrayal of Jean Vallan's returning good for evil. No book describing a revenge can be classed with this one of the world's masterpieces.

The generous spirit is great; the revengeful spirit is mean. They who, like Jesus, who cried on the cross, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do," not only themselves pardon their enemies, but also seek divine pardon for them, are displayed the very attributes of God himself. And, when the last word has been said, it remains true that God-likeness is the greatest ultimate goal of humanity.

How to Cure Rheumatism

I searched the whole earth for a specific for Rheumatism—something that I or any physician could feel safe in prescribing—something that we could count on not only occasionally, but with reasonable certainty. For the ravages of Rheumatism are everywhere and genuine relief is rare.

After twenty years of search and experiment, I learned of the German chemical I now employ. And I knew then that my search and my efforts were well rewarded. For this chemical, in combination with others, gave me the basis of a remedy which in the cure of Rheumatism is practically certain. In many, many tests and difficult cases this prescription has with regularity justified the confidence I had in it.

Mild cases are sometimes reached by a single package—for sale by 40,000 druggists.

I don't mean that Dr. Shoop's Rheumatism Tablets can turn bony joints into flesh again and never fail—that is impossible. But they will with reasonable certainty drive from the blood the poison that causes pain and

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, MARCH 8, 1906.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wideawake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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FEBRUARY WATCH PREMIUM.

James T. Hayslip, West Union, O., sent us a club of 330 names last month. This being the largest club received during the month, we have ordered a watch sent to Mr. Hayslip as per our premium offer.

CURRENT COMMENT

Let us all hope that Professor Langley has gone where flying machines are not needed.

Three years from now we shall have a new President. Will he be a tall, slender man or a fat man?

On the other hand the Japanese very likely feel several inches taller than they did two years ago.

Reports have had John D. Rockefeller located in nearly every place on the globe except Missouri.

Addicks says he will be elected to the United States senate this time sure. Thought he was broke.

J. P. Morgan is looking over Morocco, but the dispatches do not say how much he has offered for it.

It will likeley be a strange senation to Senator Tillman to be at the head of a movement that is popular.

Commissioner Garfield has too good a memory to ever become the president of a life insurance company.

Perhaps the coloring in the whisky, which Dr. Wiley talks about, is what makes so many red noses.

The Japanese are going to drink beer. Must want to increase their circumference instead of their height.

When Arizona and New Mexico are married they can scarcely expect Senator Forake present to witness the ceremony.

Dr. Wiley says cranberries have a tendency to shorten life, but he has so far restrained himself from attacking the turkey.

We have received a request for the present address of John D. Rockefeller. At last reports he still had it concealed about his person.

Even though a new style of spelling were adopted there would be just as many people who could not spell correctly to save their lives.

So far, we understand, Dr. Wiley, the government chemist, has not succeeded in finding anything impure in the baking powder advertisements.

When Mr. Bryan gets home he may have to print a stolen or strayed advertisement in his Commoner in order to find the Democratic donkey.

Wu Ting Fang say China needs reforming. There are few nations that would not do the job if they could get a big slice of territory for it.

Secretary Taft wants a larger army and Secretary Bonaparte desires a larger navy. So far Secretary Shaw has not asked for a larger deficit.

General Grosvenor says he does not want a consular position. Perhaps he might accept a position with the weather bureau as grand chief prophet.

If every word spoken on the subject of the Panama canal were a shovelful of dirt thrown from the line of the big ditch, the job would soon be completed.

When Russia advises France and Germany to keep out of war they will listen, providing they value the opinion of a country that has had experience.

The young king of Spain looks like a lad who wishes that he might have a few weeks off occasionally during which time he would not have to be a king.

The man who says he committed bigamy while "in a trance" is making a weak defense. That excuse is good only when a man is married the first time.

Senator Smoot would doubtless regard as unseemly any haste on the part of the senate to get through with the large accumulation of legislative business it has on hand.

The poor of Germany were given $12,000,000 in honor of the kaiser's silver wedding. They no doubt regret that the kaiser can't have a silver wedding every year.

Since Senator Joe Bailey has climbed into the fireman's seat in the cab with Engineer Tillman, opponents of the railway rate bill will do well to look out for the locomotive.

A Pennsylvania man has sued a restaurant keeper for putting only eight oysters in a 25-cent stew. We don't know what the charge is, but it should have been for infringement of the rights of the church festival.

It was a year Sunday since President Roosevelt was inaugurated. He has had a busy year, during which he accomplished much. Were he working for a private institution he would probably get a raise of salary.

King Edward recently addressed the kaiser as "my dear William," and the German people are much pleased. When these two rulers begin referring to each other as Ed and Bill, there will be less need of erecting a peace palace.

The house committee on agriculture has refused to recommend the usual $240,000 for the free distribution of garden seeds next year. Looks as if congressmen may have to devise some other means of keeping in touch with the folks at home.

THE STATEHOOD FIGHT.

The statehood bill will occupy the senate board this week and the country may as well prepare itself for a flood of oratory. Both sides are claiming a victory in advance, but the vote is so close that it is difficult to predict the outcome.

The Republican party is committed to the measure which provides for two states, Oklahoma and Indian Territory for one, and Arizona and New Mexico for the other. As to the former there is no difference of opinion. Both territories are agreeable and both are fitted for it.

The controversy covers therefore the proposed amalgamation of New Mexico and Arizona. A very large contingent in the latter territory is making vigorous protest. It is claimed by advocates of the bill that this protest is being fed and fathered by the great corporate interests of the state—the railroads and mine owners—who are now contributing only a nominal tax to the territorial government and who fear that they will be forced under the new state constitution to pay their equitable proportion. These interests have maintained an active lobby at Washington and are supported by powerful collateral interests.

It is proposed by Senator Foraker to amend the bill as passed by the house, making it a condition of joint statehood that each territory shall vote separately on the proposition and that a negative vote in either will defeat the measure. The advocates of the amendment take this method of opposing the bill because they believe that Arizona will vote against joint statehood. They profess to be for the bill if the people want it, but this is mere subterfuge.

Democratic senators, as a matter of party policy, will vote against the measure. They are looking forward to a time when they may control the national legislature and then they can make four states instead of two, with a reasonable certainty of increasing their representation in the United States senate. It is to hedge against any such possible contingency that the Republicans have made a party measure of the bill.

TRYPSIN CANCER CURE.

Many cures for that terrible disease, cancer, have been announced during the last few years only to develop on thorough trial that they came far short of achieving the aim sought. Some of them afforded temporary relief and even seemed to check the ravages of the disease, but none proved effective.

But Dr. John Beard, of Edinburgh University, now announces the discovery of a specific cure and a description of a series of experiments seems to add credence to his claim. In an article in Harper's Weekly, Dr. C. W. Salesby sets forth the nature of this cure. Trypsin, which Dr. Salesby defines as "the characteristic ferment of the pancreatic juice, a remarkable but quite familiar substance," is the name of the agent which Dr. Beard asserts with great positiveness is an enemy to the cancer cell. Mice were inoculated with the cancer tissue taken from afflicted mice and afterward given the Trypsin treatment. The results proved to the satisfaction of Dr. Beard that he had at last found the cure for which physicians the world over have been seeking. The manner in which he reached his conclusions, starting from the theory established by Virchow some years ago that cancer is a germ cell and not parasitic, as had long been believed, is interesting, although a little too complicated for the non-professional reader. It is enough to say, however, that Dr. Beard concludes from the action of Trypsin, which has the well-known property of digesting albumen, that it disposes of the living albumen which is characteristic of cancer, without destroying the life of the non-cancerous cells.

The public will be skeptical to accept Dr. Salesby's announcement until further demonstrations have been made, but the virulent nature of the disease and the fact that it has claimed among its victims many citizens of world prominence, will attract general attention to Dr. Beard's efforts.

UPHOLDING LAWLESSNESS.

When a supposedly sane business man appears before a church meeting as the defender of lawlessness, it is time for the community to take warning. When a supposedly sane man feels called upon to revert to the Boston tea party in support of his contention that "frequently the path of progress is denoted by the transgression of laws by the people," in a discussion over Sunday observance, we confess the situation appears critical, if not almost hopeless.

No one is looking for the millenium, at least not yet a-while. The law and order people do not expect that all laws can be enforced and all lawbreakers punished as they deserve, but they do hope, and they are praying for, a return to the good old days when there was respect for the law and when it was unpopular to openly embrace the thief and the thug. The revolt of a country against oppressive measures which it had no part in framing, should not be placed in the same category with the revolt of the individual against laws that society has enacted for its protection. There is no comparison between the two except in the mind of him who confounds liberty with license.

The tendency to make light of the laws is a grave menace to this country. In the wild scramble for wealth, men hitherto considered upright in the business world transgress the statutes, and then seek to condone the offense by calling attention to the misdeeds of others. "There are worse men out of jail than in jail," is one of their favorite expressions. "If all laws were enforced, there would be no jailers," is another, and so on ad nauseam. These men, who should be setting a good example by living up to the law and encouraging obedience in others, are furnishing arguments to be used later in defending the house breaker and murderer.

What will be the outcome of the present agitation? In a recent address before the students of Cornell university, Andrew D. White, ex-president of that institution and one of America's most renowned scholars and diplomats, discussed "High Crime in the United States." Among other things, he said:

> Simply as a matter of fact, the United States is, among all civilized nations of the world, the country in which the crime of murder is most frequently committed and least frequently punished.
>
> Deaths by violence are increasing rapidly. Our record is now larger than any other country in the world. The number of homicides that are punished by lynching exceeds the number punished by due process of law. There is nothing more nonsensical or ridiculous than the goody-goody talk about lynching. Much may be said in favor of Goldwin Smith's quotation, "that there are communities in which lynch law is better than any other."
>
> There is too much over-wrought sentimentality in favor of the criminal. The young ward tough looks up with admiration to local politicians who have spent a part of their lives in state prison. Three great leaders of Tammany Hall, up to recent years, were men who became acquainted while lying in the Tombs on the charge of murder.
>
> Germs of maudlin sentimentality are wide-spread. On every hand we hear slimy, mushy, gusany expressions of sympathy; the criminal called "plucky," "nervy," "fighting against fearful odds for his life."
>
> It is said that society has no right to put murderers to death. In my opinion society must fall back on the law of self-preservation. It should cut through and make war, in my opinion, for its life. Life imprisonment is not possible, because there is no life imprisonment.
>
> In the next year 9,000 people will be murdered. As I stand here today I tell you that 9,000 are doomed to death with all the cruelty of the criminal heart, and with no regard for home and families, and two-thirds will be due to the maudlin sentiment sometimes called mercy.
>
> I have no sympathy for the criminal. My sympathy is for those who will be murdered for their families and for their children.
>
> This sham humanitarianism has become a stench. The cry now is for righteousnes. The past generation has abolished human slavery. It is for the present to deal with the problems of the future and among them this problem of crime. Young men, like Jerome, like Folk and Hughes, resolve never to be servants of criminals, but to do your best to punish crime as it should be punished.
>
> This is the opinion of a thinking man, of one who would warn his country of its greatest danger. And no one, knowing Andrew D. White, will say that he is an inhuman monster filled with an insatiable thirst for vengeance. But he would remind the people that the sympathy should be on the side of those made widows and orphans by the ruthless hand of the murderer, not with the murderer, that society has more at stake than the man who makes war on society, and that as sure as we permit ourselves to be carried away by maudlin sentiment for the man who is a criminal from choice, so sure we will drift to anarchy and unreason.

If some laws are oppressive, they are still laws until the people repeal them, and the more effective the enforcement, the sooner they will be repealed. But we must not forget that all law is the sovereign will of the people as long as it remains on the statute books, and the official who neglects or refuses to enforce it, is a betrayer of his trust. The citizen who advocates any other policy is dangerous to the community, an abettor of crime and an enemy to society.

THE PRESIDENT'S BURDEN.

At no time in his administration has President Roosevelt been face to face with graver trials than at the present moment. He has been up against some tough propositions and handled all with a remarkable degree of success, but these problems have for the most part come one at a time when he could concentrate his entire attention upon them.

Today he is confronted with a number of public matters, all pressing and all demanding prayerful consideration. He has a commission at Algeciras earnestly endeavoring to bring France and Germany to a peaceful understanding as to the administration of Morroccoan affairs. He has in China ministers and consuls on whose diplomacy and judgment must depend the outcome of grave differences between that country and ours. He has a minister at Venezuela who is charged with the gigantic task of reducing the crazy Castro to reason.

But there are other than diplomatic matters to claim the President's attention. He knows that the country is looking to him to secure the enactment of legislation that shall provide just and equitable regulation of railway rates. He appreciates the importance to his party of settling the dispute over the statehood bill. He is committed to a ship subsidy bill which shall encourage the growth of our merchant marine. He regards present conditions as opportune for a reasonable revision of the tariff schedules and there are many questions of reform in the administrative policy of the government that appeal to him.

Outside of the legislative halls, there are the threatened coal strike which he is earnestly seeking to divert, the investigation of the beef packers and the pending inquiry into railroad ownership of coal and oil properties, all subjects directly affecting the welfare of the people and therefore very close to the President's heart.

That he will emerge triumphant in most of these conflicts is firmly believed, because he is a born fighter and because he has the great body of the American people back of him. Conscientious in his purpose and sustained by a powerful public sentiment, how can he fail?

THE STARVING JAPANESE.

A short time ago President Roosevelt issued a proclamation calling attention to the great distress that prevails in Japan and urging Americans to extend substantial aid. According to Consul Shimizu, of Chicago, the returns have been very meager indeed. In fact he says thta outside of the Japanese residents in America the responses have been practically nil. He is all the more surprised because Americans manifested so much interest in Japan during its war with Russia—an interest that could not have been much greater had the countries been allies.

There are two reasons for the apparent disregard of the appeal from Japan. The seriousness of conditions there have not been laid before our citizens with enough detail to emphasize the pressing need for help. Americans are charitable and quick to respond to cries of distress, but possibly they cannot bring themselves to understand how a country like Japan that demonstrated during the Russian war a wonderful degree of self-reliance and resource can have many suffering people within her jurisdiction. But it is a fact nevertheless that there is great distress and that Japan is seeking relief from friendly nations. The war has left her poor, and while she can work out her own destiny in time, the ravages of flood and famine find her too crippled to give proper care to her starving people.

The moral support given by citizens of this country to Japan in her war with Russia can by no means be wholly attributed to our love for the Japanese. It was largely owing to our belief that Russia was pursuing a selfish and tyrannizing policy, both at home and abroad, and that a good whipping would do her good. Today we are convinced of it. The victory of Japan not only repelled the Russian advance, but gave the oppressed peasants of the empire courage to present their demands, and if civilization isn't the gainer because of these changed conditions then we are much mistaken.

But even the selfishness of our interest in the war should not make us forget the cry from Japan. Humanity requires that the American people give liberally of their plenteous wealth to relieve the starving hosts in the island of Nippon.

OPPOSITION MELTING AWAY.

Washington correspondents are agreed that the Hepburn rate bill with slight modifications, will pass the senate. Even the senators who have opposed the measure are now talking compromise, and will be ready to accept very reasonable concessions as an excuse for climbing into the band wagon.

While the differences between the administration and the opposition seemed insurmountable when the bill was first promulgated, the discussion of the last few days has revealed a decided change in sentiment on this point. President Roosevelt, above all, is desirous of having a measure that will stand the constitutional test, and appreciates the necessity of safe-guarding the interests of the railroads. At the same time he aims to protect shippers from the injustice which might be inflicted through the slow operation of the courts, and therefore he opposes such a specific provision for a judicial review as will tend to delay relief from excessive rates. It is proposed, however, to require the railroads, pending the review, to pay into the court such a sum as represents the differences between the existing rates and the rates fixed by the commission. This is exactly in line with the suggestion made by The Blade when the question at issue first arose, and we believe it should fully cover the exigency of the case. It protects both the transportation lines and the shippers and assumes equitable treatment.

It is realized that no matter what sort of a rate bill is passed, it will be speedily submitted to the careful scrutiny of the supreme court for an opinion as to its constitutionality, as it should be. When that doubt, which applies to most legislation, has been cleared away, railroad corporations will have a keener appreciation of the relations which they should bear to the public.

PROTECTION TO THE CHILD.

The upper branch of the Ohio assembly passed one measure this week that will meet the approval of every friend of the little folks. The Blade cannot recall the name of the author at this moment, but he deserves a place on the roll of humanitarians. The measure is designed to amend the juvenile court law and does so in two important particulars. It holds the parent or ward of the deliquent child responsible where contributory negligence can be proved, and it prohibits boys under 17 years of age from entering saloons. The enforcement of the latter provision is extended to the saloonkeeper, and he may be punished if he permits a violation.

The purpose of the amendment is to compel adults to exercise reasonable care in their guardianship. In a majority of cases, delinquencies of the child can be traced directly to negligence on the part of parents and guardians. If a child is permitted to do as it pleases and to run at large, especially in cities where there are temptations on every hand, we need not expect it to develop into a God-fearing and law-respecting citizen. Nor should it bear the burden of punishment for its misbehavior when it can be shown that its parents have been remiss in their duty.

The objcet of the juvenile court is to warn rather than punish, to instruct rather than frighten, to separate those children who must be kept under restraint in order to reform them from those who are tractable and who are merely victims of their environment. But the officials who have made a study of youthful offenders have found that the root of most of the evils lies in the home and it is to get at this that the amendment was offered.

In this state, especially, children have been taught to visit saloons. There are saloons where they are not allowed, it is true, but boys are frequently impressed into service by their parents to "rush the growler," and this custom is so prevalent as to merit the severest condemnation. By making the saloonkeeper amenable to punishment it is thought that the tendency will be checked if not altogether stopped. The influence of a saloon is bad enough on an adult, and it canont be otherwise than pernicious on a boy who has not yet attained the age of discretion or formed the habits for his future guidance. The bill in question is a valuable addition to the reformatory legislation of the state and should meet the unanimous approval of the house.

SPRINGFIELD AGAIN DISGRACED

The exhibition of the mob spirit in Springfield is merely a sporadic outbreak of the lawlessness that seems to pervade our national life. Sometimes when justice is tardy or blind, it transpires that the people take the law into their own hands and execute their will on offenders of society. That is lynch law, and is almost always condemned after passion has cooled and reason resumes its sway.

But the affair at Springfield did not even have the extenuating features that mark some of Judge Lynch's proceedings. There was no evidence that justice would be cheated. One of the alleged assailants of the brakeman was himself so seriously injured that he was taken to a city hospital. But because the crime was committed by colored men a mob of drunken rowdies seize upon it as a pretext for destroying the property of peaceable citizens and for inflaming the minds of the people to deeds of violence and outrage.

This is not Springfield's first misbehavior. Once before some of her people disgraced the state and the town by indulging in a riot against the colored residents, which ended most disastrously to the community. Then, as now, her citizen soldiers were tardy in the performance of their duty and added to the odium heaped upon the city by the rioters. It was thought then that the experience would be sufficient for all time, but it seems that the city contains an element which should be under constant curb. There is a savor of anarchy about it that bodes ill for the public peace of mind.

THE COAL INVESTIGATION.

Congress has passed the necessary legislation directing the interstate commerce commission to investigate what railways, if any, are directly interested in coal or oil transported by them. The measure was introduced in response to a letter written by Governor Dawson, of West Virginia, who declared that the railroads in that state were discriminating against independent miners to an extent that meant virtual ruin to property.

It was thought at the time that the bill would also reach the great coal carrying roads of Pennsylvania, most or all of which, are believed to be directly interested in coal properties. But officials of these roads, including the Pennsylvania and Reading, state that they are operating under special charters granted prior to the creation of the interstate commerce commission, and cannot, therefore, come within the scope of the investigation.

The Blade hopes that the commission will make a thorough investigation of the entire subject. The coal carrying road that is also a producer will discriminate in favor of its own mines unless restrained by law, and if a special charter stands in the way of prosecution, there ought to be found some means for correcting the evil. When a road makes an unjust discrimination, which, in effect bars competing producers from doing business, it cannot be called a "common carrier" in the strict meaning of the word, and it is a question if this departure from its legitimate domain does not constitute sufficient grounds for revoking the charter.

The people are much interested in this investigation. There have been many features of the coal business that are mysterious, and the public wants to know whether the big railroad companies have such a hold on the coal mines that they cannot be shaken off, or whether there is hope of relief through prosecutions for the many acts of injustice that have been committed in the guise of commerce.

THE DESTINY OF BALFOUR.

Balfour is again in parliament. The London district, which an obliging Conservative colleague turned over to him, elected him by a considerably increased majority. His Liberal opponent was supported in a half-hearted manner, and sympathy for Balfour's misfortunes brought him additional support.

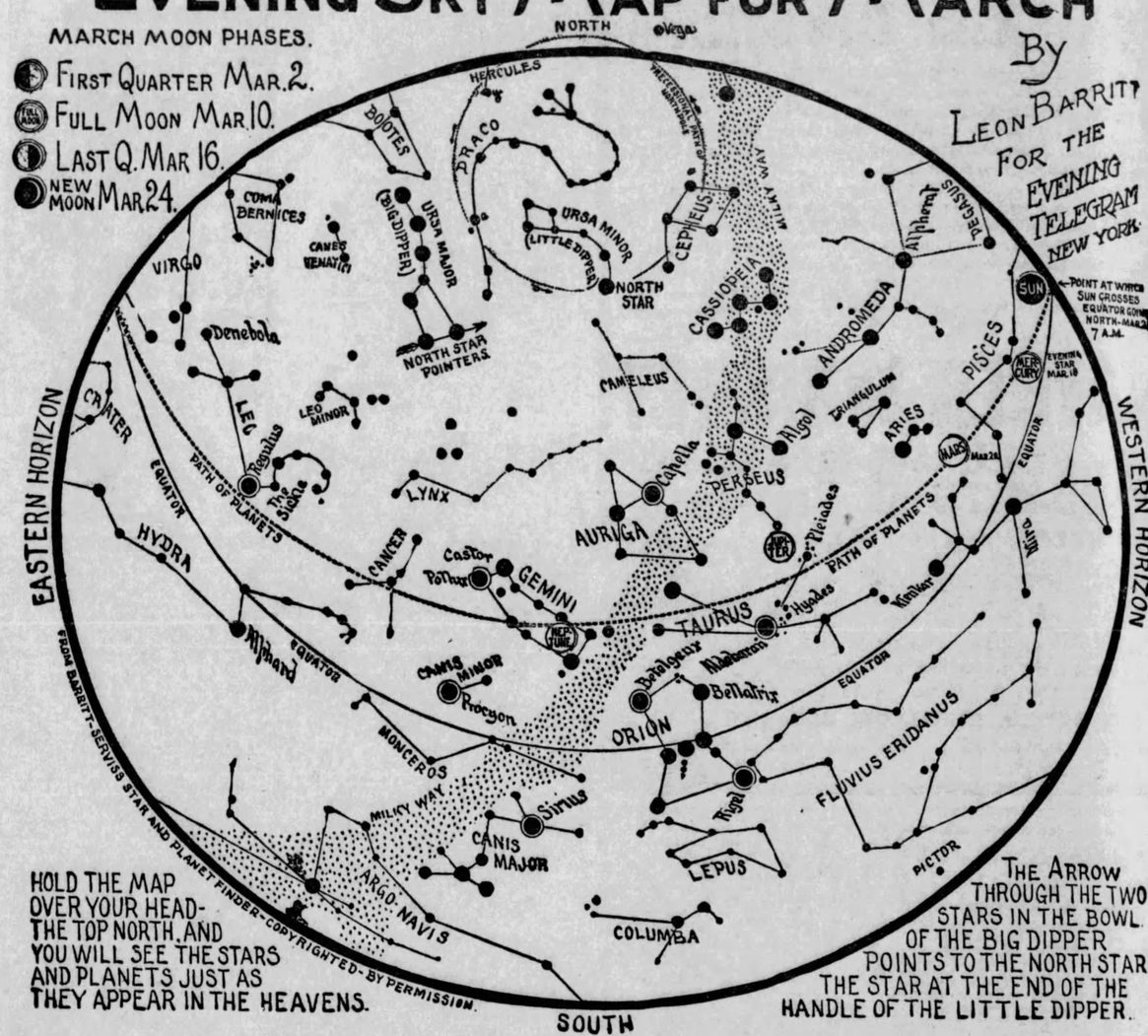
But Balfour's future relations with his party are decidedly dubitable. His lack of a definite policy and his vacillating attitude toward fiscal reform do not inspire confidence. Joe Chamberlain is a bigger man, for however diffident the Conservatives maybe to accepting the Chamberlain plan, it is definite and stands for something. Moreover, the gradual decline of England's trade demonstrates the necessity of a departure from the present policy. The institution of a tariff of some kind to counteract the effect of the protective walls reared by other nations is becoming daily more apparent.

Balfour may rise to the occasion and become a real leader, but it will be a transformation quite unusual in a man of his years and in one who has so long followed the middle of the road. It is hard to teach an old dog new tricks, and Balfour must either grasp his opportunity now or fall to the rear.

Mrs. John D. Rockefeller says she does not know where her husband is. Unlike some wives, however, she can feel sure that he will be able to find the keyhole when he gets home.

EVENING SKY MAP FOR MARCH

By LEON BARRITT FOR THE EVENING TELEGRAM NEW YORK.



HOLD THE MAP OVER YOUR HEAD-THE TOP NORTH, AND YOU WILL SEE THE STARS AND PLANETS JUST AS THEY APPEAR IN THE HEAVENS.

THE ARROW THROUGH THE TWO STARS IN THE BOWL OF THE BIG DIPPER POINTS TO THE NORTH STAR, THE STAR AT THE END OF THE HANDLE OF THE LITTLE DIPPER.

On the 21st day of March, at 7 a. m., the sun crosses the equator from the south side to the north at the vernal equinox, and real spring will be with us once more.

Twenty-one hundred years ago the sun crossed at the first point of the constellation Aries, but now it crosses 30 degrees westward in the constellation Pisces. Astronomers still regard the first point of Aries as the vernal equinox and allow for the actual difference—30 degrees—in all their calculations. This change in the point of the sun's crossing the equator has been going on for ages—in fact, ever since the earth started upon its career—and will continue as long as the earth, the sun and moon last. While it amounts to only 50 seconds in a year, in the course of 26,000 years, it will make a complete revolution of the earth.

This retrograde or backward movement of the equinoxes is called precession, and was first discovered by Hipparchus, 125 years before the Christian era. Newton found it was caused by the sun and moon's attraction upon the earth at the equator causing the earth to tip just 50 seconds every year out of a true axial revolution. This causes the earth's axis at the pole to move (or "wobble") in a circle having a diameter of about 45 degrees (see map), and is gradually moving the axis of the earth westward and away from our present North Polar star, so that we shall have to find a new polar star in the course of a few thousand years.

In about 6,000 years this will probably be "a" Cepheus; then in 13,000 years it will be Vega in the constellation Lyra; in 17,500 years, "y" Hercules; in 20,000 years, "a" Draco, and in 26,000 years the axis will again point to our present stellar guide.

Path of the North Star.

The real path of the north pole in the sky is not a true circle but a slightly waving line, first on one side of the circle shown, then on the other; it is caused by the unequal attraction of the moon at the earth's equator.

The sun is shown on our map at the western horizon at 6 p. m. on March 21, at the point in the constellation Pisces, where it crosses the equator at 7 o'clock on the morning of that day, the change in position being caused by the earth's revolution for eleven hours eastward, the sun, really, not having changed its position on the map one-half a degree in that time, which, upon the scale here presented, would not be one-eighth of an inch.

The apparent revolution of the stars westward every night is caused by the earth's daily revolution eastward. Day and night are of equal length—twelve hours—over the whole earth on March 21.

The stellar world presents for our admiration this month its most strikingly beautiful constellations, as will be found by reference to the map. Mercury will join the planets Mars and Jupiter, now with us in the evening sky, and will be found low in the west for a week or ten days before and after the 18th inst., for about an hour after sunset and close to where the sun went down.

The Big Dipper.

The Big Dipper is the one constellation that everyone in this latitude who looks skyward probably can pick out at a glance, and is the key to the stars and constellations that are visible to the naked eye in our northern hemisphere. From night to night it seems to be slowly revolving around the north star with all its companions. This is caused by the earth's daily revolution eastward. The stars are fixed the earth moves; once this fact is made clear, the starry heavens become an open book that all who will may read.

The Big Dipper, the Little Dipper, our Polar Star and the constellations Cassiopeia, Cepheus and Draco never pass from our view in this latitude, but as we widen our sky view we find some constellations gradually, from night to night, disappearing on the western horizon, while others are coming into view in the east. This change is going on at the rate of four minutes a day, the earth moving four minutes further east every day, which in the course of a year amounts to a complete revolution of the earth, during which all the stars in our northern hemisphere will have passed in review.

Moonless nights are the best for star gazing, as the moon's light dims the glory of the stars, though it has little effect apparently upon the planets, which are much nearer the earth by many billions of miles than any star. In fact, the moon will be found helpful in locating the planets, as they all follow the same course eastward on the line marked "path of the planets."

While the telescope shows countless millions of stars upon any clear night, yet there are not more than two thousand that are discernible to the naked eye at any one time. There are now in view more stars of the first magnitude than at any other season of the year, and these are only eight in number, namely, Sirius, Betelgeux, Rigel, Capella, Procyon, Aldebaran, Pollux and Regulus. The Polar Star is of the second magnitude; the stars composing the Big Dipper are of the second and third magnitude, with the exception of the one joining the handle to the bowl, which is of the fourth.

Only a few of the stars are distinguished by particular names, the usual mode being by letters of the Greek alphabet or by numbers. The letters are used to designate the order of brilliancy of the stars in each constellation, as "a" Ursa Majoris, "b" Ursa Majoris, etc., until the alphabet is exhausted in each constellation, when the remaining stars are numbered.

Some stars are perceptibly brighter at some times than at others, a circumstance which is believed to be caused by a dark companion body revolving about them. Two of the most notable instances of this are now in our evening sky, namely, Algol, in the constellation Perseus, and Mira, in the constellation Cetus. Algol's magnitude is two and one-half degrees usually. For two and one-half days it continues at this magnitude, then for four hours it fades away till it becomes of the fourth magnitude. Here it remains for twenty minutes, and then through four hours more recovers its brilliancy.

Mira at its brightest is a second magnitude star, then it gradually decreases until it sometimes is of the eleventh magnitude and becomes invisible to the naked eye. Mira passes through these changes every seven months. LEON BARRITT.

Current Events.

King Edward, traveling as the Duke of Lancaster, leaves for a holiday trip through France.

Wall street's woman broker says J. P. Morgan would have been happier if he had followed Christ's precepts.

Ida M. Tarbell lauds the work of Attorney General Hadley, of Missouri, in the fight against Standard Oil.

United States Steel Corporation leases James J. Hill's ore mines on Mesaba range, involving possibly $1,125,000,000.

British naval estimates for ensuing year call for an expenditure of $169,347,500 for new ships, a decrease of $12,500,000.

St. Petersburg hears a report that President Roosevelt is taking steps that may end the deadlock in the Moroccan conference.

Senator Allison celebrates seventy-seventh birthday anniversary and also the anniversary of his entry into Congress and into the Senate.

Cure for cancer is said to have been found in "trypsin," a destroyer of disease cells discovered by Dr. John Beard, of Edinburgh University.

Gen. Frederick Dent Grant, at annual dinner of the Grant family in New York, urges the members to stand for what is right in government.

American representatives at Constantinople insist that the sultan carry out his long-delayed promise for reforms in American schools in his dominons.

Excitement caused in St. Petersburg by report that France has been tricked practically into a war with Germany by false promises of England's support.

Average length of life is growing shorter, or at least is standing still, the trying conditions of modern life offsetting advances in science, says an insurance actuary in an interview.

President Roosevelt in a proclamation continues the present low tariff rates on German products in return for the like action of the German government, averting a tariff war.

Will of the late John A. McCall, former president of the New York Life Insurance company, leaves the entire estate to the widow, but gives no intimation of the value of the property.

Senator Dolliver, in a speech in the Senate supporting the railway rate bill, declares that if the measure is defeated in Congress the country must face the problem of government ownership.

William E. Curtis says that the President, the secretary of war and the American Medical association are urging Congress to pass a law bringing the army medical corps up to date.

New business of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, owing to the insurance scandals, shows a falling off of $81,000,000 in 1905, as compared with the previous year, while the value of policies surrendered triples.

Albert T. Patrick, of New York, condemned to die March 19 for the murder of William Marsh Rice, will be granted a new reprieve, it is expected, as the hearing on the motion for a new trial is adjourned until April 3.

Secretary Shaw decides to deposit $10,000,000 of the public funds in existing depository banks in important centers for at least four months, and the action is expected to result in quick relief in the monetary situation.

Maximum passenger and freight rates which English railways may charge are regulated by law, but rates are much lower in the United States than in Great Britain, says Andrew A. Bonar Law, an English political economist.

Recommendation is made by the department of superintendence of the National Educational association, in session at Louisville, that twelve words be spelled phonetically in the schools and not according to the rules laid down by Mr. Webster some time ago.

The Objection.

Stella—Silence gives consent.

Bella—Yes, but the trouble is that it won't pop the question.—Brooklyn Life.

Wife of John Mitchell to Help Miners' Fight

Mrs John Mitchell

New York, March 2.—Mrs. John Mitchell, wife of the leader of thousands of brawny miners, has come to New York to join her husband while he is here in conference on the coal strike situation. Seated in her room at the Ashland house she received a reporter. She did not hesitate to say that she had come here to be near her husband—to give what silent encouragement her presence would be sure to bring to the president of the Miners' union. She did hesitate about sitting for her picture, however, on the plea that the public was interested in John Mitchell and not in his wife.

Mrs. Mitchell suggests stanch devotion to her husband's interests. Extremely simple in her dress, in her manner and in her speech, she is typically a helpmate in everything that the word suggests. She came from her home in Spring Valley, Ill., to New York to be with her husband during the trying days he is spending here working for the interests of his many followers.

"I am going to stay here until Mr. Mitchell finally succeeds," she said. Not for a moment did the little woman dream that John Mitchell might not be successful in avoiding the strike that would affect thousands of men through a great area of the country.

"Mr. Mitchell is tired and I shall try to prevent him from getting mentally worn out," continued Mrs. Mitchell. "These are very trying days for him and I hope that my presence will make him forget his serious affair for a few hours a day at least."

Just then Mr. Mitchell came into the room. He had a bundle of papers under his arms and a vast quantity of mail matter. He appeared to be deep in thought and hardly noticed the fact that there was anyone in the room besides his wife. As he slowly opened envelope after envelope he would hand the contents to his wife for perusal. Then, when photographs had been taken, he said to her:

"I am going to take you for a short drive, dear. It will do you good to get the air."

Mrs. Mitchell acquiesced just as quietly as she had noted her husband's entry into the room, and just as quietly and simply as she had at last acceded to the request that she sit for a picture.

"If the women of the land will think of me, not of Mrs. Mitchell, but as the wife of John Mitchell, the strongest and bravest man in all the United States," she said, "then I will not object if you take an interest in me. I am very proud of my husband. His one thought, twenty-four hours in the twenty-four, is for those for whom he is struggling to win a battle for the right."

There is some sadness about Mrs. Mitchell's face. It would almost seem that she has been through great sorrow, but her expression is one of determination, and one that would indicate that her counsel would be direct and to the point. Not a line in her face denotes hesitation. Her intimates declare that many steps taken by John Mitchell in his fight for organized labor have often been inspired by his wife.

Cold Consolation.

"Think of a genius having to write for bread!"

"Yes, but writing for beef would be tougher!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Didn't Care.

"You shouldn't drink your whisky without water."

"Why not?"

"You'll ruin the coat of your stomach."

"Oh, well—it's an old coat, anyhow."

Gold Medal Awarded

To The Blade's New Ball Bearing Rotary Washing Machine at Louisiana Purchase Exposition by the Superior Jury of Awards.

This certainly is sufficient guarantee of its superior merits to induce the most skeptical to take advantage of our liberal offer to ship the machine to our subscribers for about half price, together with the Weekly Blade for one year..... **$5.50**

With this machine your week's washing can be done in an hour and your much dreaded washday will soon be a thing of the past.

This washing machine will wash anything from a lace handkerchief to a bed quilt without injury as the counter currents of the water in the tub are what do the washing.

The machine is arranged with tight fitting cover, thus preventing escaping steam and eliminating the contamination of the house.

The machine works so easy with ball bearing journals that the work can be done by very little effort and no hard work.

Throw away the washboard for you wear the clothes more and cut the fibre of the cloth by rubbing the clothes on the hard ridges of the washboard than by ten times the actual wear of the clothes.

A Word To the Housewife

Will you stand over the open washtub and inhale the volatile matter and steam that arise from undergarments, etc., injure your health, contaminate your household and make it unfit to live in when you can get a Blade Washing Machine that is perfection in every particular at such a low price?

The mechanical movements consist of our patent oscillating malleable sprocket gear operated in ball bearings with steel ball retainers, most reliable and durable device that has yet been offered to the public.

The tub is made from (as the American Encyclopedia terms it) the Everlasting Red Cypress; it will outlast any two cedar tubs and is the most durable article of the kind ever offered our patrons. The body of the machine measures 25 inches in diameter, 14 inches deep, weight 72 pounds.

Remit by P. O. or express money order or registered letter. We will not be responsible for remittances made in any other way. Address all orders to

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

What Our Subscribers Say About The Blade Washing Machine

Dear Sirs: My Blade Washing Machine is more than satisfactory. I am very much pleased with it. It is so much better than I expected that I can honestly recommend it to my friends. I have entirely done away with the washboard. Yours truly,

MRS. PHILO BURCH,
Route 19, Lyndonville, N. Y.

Pikeville, Tenn., Oct. 2, 1905.

Toledo Blade Co.:

Gentlemen—Your washer came just as I started to my summer resort. We would begin washing after breakfast wash for ten in family and get through by 9 o'clock. I consider it first class and exactly as represented.

Yours for clean clothes,
C. B. HART.

Huntertown, Allen Co., Ind., Oct. 3, 1905.

Toledo Blade Co., Toledo, O.:

Gentlemen—I can speak in the highest terms of the Blade Washing Machine. It does the work well. I can cheerfully recommend it to every family that wants to buy a washing machine. Respectfully yours,

DR. L. HOUGHTON.

Danbury, Conn., Sept. 25, 1905.

Gentlemen—I will say that the Blade washer is just grand. It washes splendid I would not think of getting along without it. My neighbors have many kinds of washers, but none that can compare with mine.

Yours truly,
ROBERT D. KNAPP,
Danbury, Conn.

THE BLADE'S REVISED WATCH LIST

FOR 1905-06

WALTHAM AND ELGIN MOVEMENTS

This season The Blade offers its readers a selection of first-class watches at prices lower than ever made before, and much lower than can be purchasd elsewhere. The cases are the best quality of gold filled cases made, and are fully guaranteed. The reliability and accuracy of the Waltham and Elgin movements are so well known that they need no special description from us.

If you want a thoroughly reliable watch, this is your opportunity to get one at a very low price.

The 25-year cases are plain or engine turned, an extra charge being made for hand engraved cases.

The 20-year cases are plain, engine turned, or engraved. No extra charge being made for engraved cases.

All watches are sent by registered mail, all charges prepaid by us.

The men's watches in the following list are all 18 size. The ladies' watches 6 size. We can furnish any size and any grade of Waltham and Elgin movements, and will be pleased to quote you prices.

This offer is intended only for Blade subscribers. We desire to give our subscribers the advantage of the best quality of everything at the very lowest price.

MOVEMENTS.

Fifteen jewels (settings); quick train; exposed pallets; cut expansion balance; Breguet hairspring; polished oval regulator; sunk second dial; nickel index; dust ring; damaskeened plates.

Seven jewels; quick train; exposed pallets; cut expansion balance; Breguet hairspring; polished oval steel regulator; sunk second dial; nickel index; dust ring; damaskeened plates.

MEN'S GOLD WATCHES.

Our prices include free delivery, in good running order.

No. 71—7-jeweled works, 25-year hunting case .....$13.75 Extra for engraved case..$1.00	No. 72—7-jeweled works, 25-year open-face case .....$11.00 Extra for engraved case, 80c
No. 73—15-jeweled works, 25-year hunting case .....$15.00 Extra for engraved case..$1.00	No. 74—15-jeweled works, 25-year open-face case .....$12.60 Extra for engraved case...80c
No. 75—7-jeweled works, 20-year hunting case $11.20	No. 76—7-jeweled works, 20-year open-face case $8.75
No. 77—15-jeweled works, 20-year hunting case $12.25	No. 78—15-jeweled works, 20-year open-face case $10.00

MEN'S NICKEL SILVER WATCHES.

No. 79—7-jeweled works, nickel silver, open-face case $5.30	No. 80—15-jeweled works, nickel silver, open-face case $6.75

LADIES' GOLD WATCHES.

No. 81—7-jeweled works, 25-year hunting case .....$12.00 Extra for engraved case.. 80c	No. 82—15-jeweled works, 25-year hunting case .....$13.25 Extra for engraved case...80c
No. 83—7-jeweled works, 20-year hunting case $10.50	No. 84—15-jeweled works, 20-year hunting case $11.75

SPECIAL.

Men's Nickel Silver, open-face cases, with 7 and 15-jeweled gilt Waltham and Elgin movements.

No. 85—7-jeweled gilt $4.75	No. 86—15-jeweled gilt $5.75

Remember our goods are just exactly as represented, and if you do not find them to be so, we will refund your money.

Address THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

A $30 Watch for $21

A Case equal to, and really better than a Solid Gold one.

Many of our readers would like to purchase a solid gold case, but feel they cannot afford it. The Blade "special" is a substitute for a solid gold case, and is made specially for us. The pendant, joints and bow are 14k solid gold, and the case, in every particular, is made exactly like a 14k solid gold case, except that the gold is stiffened within by a layer of specially prepared metal, which is stiffer and harder than gold. This case is guaranteed to wear **longer** and **better** than a solid gold one, and if it does not do so, we will replace it free of charge. We can furnish this case in 18 and 16 size, Hunting, hand engraved, fitted with 15 or 17 jeweled Waltham or Elgin movement. A watch equally as good cannot be purchased elsewhere for less than $30 to $35, according to movement desired.

OUR PRICES:

18 size, Hunting, engraved, 15-jeweled Elgin or Waltham.....$21.00
18 size, with 17-jeweled Elgin or Waltham $23.00
16 size, Hunting, engraved, 15-jeweled Elgin or Waltham....$23.00
16 size, with 17-jeweled Elgin or Waltham $25.00

Our C. O. D. Offer

In this brief description we cannot fully convey to your mind the beauty and excellence of this watch. We want you to see the watch before paying your money. Therefore, if you will remit us $1.00, to guarantee express charges, we will send the watch C. O. D. for balance, with privilege of examination before accepting. We will also instruct the express company to hold the money five days. If, within that time, you find the watch is not exactly as we represent it, take it to the express agent and get your money back, and we will also refund you the balance of the $1.00, after deducting express charges.

This is certainly a fair proposition, and no one can offer you one that is any better. Let us hear from you if you are in the market for a good watch.

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

Elegant Gold Filled Chains

We are prepared to furnish our readers any kind of a watch chain either for ladies or gentlemen. Send for our illustrated price list.

Address all orders—

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

Cut Paper Patterns

These patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. In ordering, address your letter, "Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio." Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Please do NOT send stamps. Inclose a silver dime wrapped in tissue paper. Once more, do NOT send stamps. They stick together, and it is difficult to dispose of them, unless at a discount.

Write very plainly the NUMBER and the NAME of each pattern, as it appears under the cut, and also the BUST MEASURE you wish.

BE SURE to give both the number and the name of the pattern, and the bust measure also.

Address as follows, including price of pattern ordered: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Notice that the price, 10 cents, is for a SINGLE pattern. Many of these show TWO patterns in an illustration. In such cases, either will be sent on receipt of 10 cents, coin, or both on receipt of two silver dimes.

4015—A Small Cape Cont.

There is an air of real style about this little coat which both mother and the little maid will appreciate. For construction by the amateur sewer it is an excellent model as there are so few seams, the modishness being due largely to its shaping. The cape is circular and adds

not only warmth but grace to the garment. The front is double-breasted and closes snugly at the throat with a standing collar. If desired the cape and belt may be omitted, or the latter extend only across the back. A cheviot, serge, novelty wool or taffetas may serve as materials. Pretty buttons add much in attractiveness to a coat of this kind. In the medium size 3¾ yards of 36-inch goods are necessary.

4015—Sizes, 5 to 12 years.

6471-6472—A Modish Street Gown.

Few women realize how great a part lines play in the becomingness and style of a gown. But there is art in everything beautiful and it cannot be overlooked in the creation of feminine apparel any more

than in the arrangement of the hair. The tendency of the day is toward straight and slender effects and the gown which gives lengthening lines is a great aid to this result. The gown sketched here is one of the very charming new models. It is developed in the beautiful Vigoureux with chemisette and deep cuffs of embroidered and tucked Swiss. Small buttons in Persian colorings fasten the points and serve as a modish trimming. The skirt is one of the new circular models and not difficult to construct. Cashmere, taffetas, chiffon, broadcloth or one of the fashionable raw silks might fashion this gown. For the medium size 8½ yards of 36-inch material are needed.

Two patterns—6471, sizes 32 to 42 inches, bust measure; 6472, sizes 20 to 30 inches, waist measure.

The price of these patterns is 20c, but either will be sent upon receipt of 10c.

4771—A Small Empire Gown.

Mother is not the only one for whom Dame Fashion has modeled empire gowns. The effect of this style upon the little maid is altogether fetching and picturesque. The gown sketched is made of white lawn with ribbon-run beading of Valenciennes, forming collar, cuffs and empire waistband. Pairs of tiny tucks

suggest a yoke in front and back and provide a pretty fullness for the blouse and skirt. The latter may be adorned with a group of small tucks or a row or two of insertion. The little dress may be elaborate or simple as desired. Lawn, mull, challis or a soft henrietta may be used as material. For the medium size the pattern calls for 2⅝ yards of 36-inch material.

4771—Sizes, 1 to 6 years.

4788—A Creeping Apron.

There is no more attractive stage in the development of a child than when he is learning to migrate for himself and strengthen little by little the small limbs which are given him for that purpose. Every child must have its days of rolling

about on the floor, pushing to and fro by means of hands and knees and consequently wearing out every sort of garment put upon him. For this purpose the creeping apron here shown is the best thing, and every beginner in life should have one. It may be made of gingham or outing flannel and buttons closely down the back so that no dress or underwear need become soiled during the progress over the floor. Mothers have found it a most convenient and necessary article and no difficulties will be found in its construction. Three yards of 36-inch material are needed for the making.

4788—one size.

6541-6377—Corset Cover and Open Drawers.

In the creation of dainty lingerie a woman or girl expresses her desire for the beautiful within as well as without. Every true woman cherishes fine garments, and first of all in her estimation is the underapparel. For her who enjoys to fashion

these garments here are some suggestions for corset cover and open drawers. They are very practical and attractive as well. Both are slightly full about the waist and finished with shaped and fitted waistbands. The sheer handkerchief flounces adorn both garments headed with the ribbon-run beading. The drawers are wide at the lower edge and suggest a petticoat in their fullness. For materials, nainsook, cambric and longcloth as well as linen are used. For the medium size 3½ yards of 36-inch material are necessary.

Two patterns: 6541—sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure; 6377—sizes, 20 to 36 inches waist.

The price of these patterns is 20c, but either will be sent upon receipt of 10c.

6460—A Becoming Dressing Sack.

Simplicity is a great factor in the designing of beautiful apparel. Some of the most attractive gowns are almost unadorned. Here is sketched a little dressing sack of white Swiss lined with pale blue while the only decoration consists in the French knots of blue adorning the front facing, cuffs and belt. Four small tucks provide an extra fulness over the

bust, the fulness being then drawn down trimly into the belt. A simulated box pleat relieves the back from too much plainness. The design is excellent for home construction as so little labor is involved in the making. As to materials, lawn, dimity, a soft silk or challis may serve. In the medium size 3½ yards of 36-inch material are needed.

6460—Sizes 32 to 42 inches, bust measure.

DEAFNESS CURED

Wonderful New Discovery for the Positive Cure of Deafness and Head Noises.

At last, after years of study and research, the wonderful nature forces have been harnessed together and **Deafness can be cured.** If I did not know positively that my method could cure I would not allow my name to be connected with this treatment. My standing is such that I cannot afford to misrepresent or distort the facts. I know what this treatment will do and what it has done and can safely say, "It is the greatest, grandest and simplest in the world today." It seems to make no difference with this cure as to age, how long standing or deep seated the deafness is, its cures are permanent. Test your hearing with a watch. If you do not hear it five feet away, you are deaf. Write me giving age, sex, cause, how long deaf, if you have Catarrh, Rheumatism, or Nervous trouble, and if you hear better in noisy places, and all particulars bearing on your case, and I will give you my truthful opinion as to whether your case is curable or not. I give an absolutely scientific opinion with a full explanation of your case and a Booklet on Deafness and Head Noises free without charge. The advice contained in this book has been the means of saving the hearing of hundreds of people. Write today to the discoverer, Guy Clifford Powell, M. D., 1820 Bank Bldg., Peoria, Ill., for free information, including his valuable free book.

PRAIRIE FIRE RAGING

1,000,000 Acres in New Mexico Already Burned.

Roswell, N. M., March 3.—Over 1,000,000 acres of fine pasture land in the western part of the Panhandle and just east of Portales, N. M., have been burned in a prairie fire that has been sweeping east and southeast for two days, and is still beyond control, with a head 15 miles wide under a stiff wind.

J. P. White, of the Yellow House ranch, and L. F. Douthit, one of the biggest stock raisers in the southwest, state that the loss is already $1,000,000. Probably a dozen big ranches have been robbed of their feed.

KNABENSHUE'S SUCCESS

New Airship Given Trial at Los Angelos.

When Los Angeles roused from slumber last Sunday morning and its inhabitants were hastening to church, a dim outline greeted their first glance skyward. The people of the California city had seen enough of airships to know that somebody was making a trip through the clouds, but they were entirely ignorant as to the identity of the daring navigator.

The young man was no other than Roy Knabenshue, the Toledoan, who has been in the west for several weeks, making experiments and, in his usual startling manner, he planned a surprise for the people by leaving early in the morning for an ante-breakfast whirl.

Copies of Los Angeles newspapers, received by Charles J. Strobel this morning, give full accounst of the flight and declare it was the most successful of the scores made in the city.

The airship used by Knabenshue is a new one, constructed by him in the west. He was busily engaged for three weeks, and hardly a person in Los Angeles knew that he was there until he startled them with his initial trip.

The new airboat is a radical departure from the old ones, and even Capt. Baldwin, who, is may be said, has been rather jealous of the Toledoan's success since he left his management, was forced to admit, in a letter received by Mr. Strobel this morning that Knabenshue "deserves a whole lot of credit for sticking to the game."

Instead of the long, ladderlike frame, so familiar to Toledoans who witnessed his flights in this city, everything is compact, the entire car, carrying the navigator and his ten horse-power engine, being only ten feet long. The location of the propellers and rudder is not accurately described in the newspaper accounts, and even Mr. Strobel is at a loss to know where Knabenshue has his engine—so small is the framework of the car.

"I propose to make a trip form Fiesta park to the top of Mount Wilson and return. I am also seriously contemplating a trip to Catalina island. I will make it if I can find a day when the atmospheric conditions are favorable," said Mr. Knabenshue after his first flight.

The Los Angeles Examiner prints the following regarding the local airshipper:

"No such thrilling exhibition had ever been witnessed, though dozens of air craft have plowed the blue empyrean above the city at various times, and an airship is no great novelty here.

"But what caught the crowd was the ease with which the little navigator guided his ship. No automobile was ever under more perfect control than was the craft while Knabenshue was cutting his capers.

"The flight came in the nature of a complete surprise to the crowd, for few if any of them knew that Knabenshue was in Los Angeles.

"'I just wanted to have a little fun on my own account, and thought I would surprise you fellows by flying up and alighting on the Examiner building,' was the way Knabenshue explained it. 'But my assistants did not get up there as I anticipated and, as there was no one on top of the building to help me land, I just sailed through the air awhile and watched the great crowds in the streets.'

"Knabenshue has been sawing wood and doing no talking out at Fiesta park, but he has accomplished results.

"Saturday afternoon the first trial of the new machine was made, and its initial trip demonstrated it to be a complete success.

"Then some friends bantered the builder Saturday evening to fly up to the Examiner building the next morning.

"'I'll do it, and I'll just surprise those boys up there by dropping in on them via the roof,' answered Knabenshue. He thoroughly demonstrated his ability to carry out his promises.

"As the craft sailed up Grand avenue at an astonishing rate of speed, an auto tried to race with it, but Knabenshue gave the chauffeur the laugh as he swept over the chug machine, leaving it far behind in a cloud of its own dust.

"'Hi, there, mister!' yelled a small boy in the crowd, as Knabenshue circled and turned like a bird in the air, 'come down closer and let's take a look at you.'

"'Oh, very well,' merrily sang out the navigator, as he deflected his aeroplane and gave his engine a little more play.

"Gracefully the big, elongated bag dipped, and the machine descended until was within a few feet of the tall roofs. Then its nose was again inclined and it rose once more. Many times Knabenshue repeated his maneuvers while the crowd cheered lustily.

"When Knabenshue alighted he announced his intention of flying over the Pacific to Catalina island.

"'Of course, you would be accompanied by a launch in case of an accident,' was suggested.

"'Oh, no,' laughed the man of the air. 'This would do not good. There is not a launch down there at could keep anywhere near me. I can easily make 30 miles an hour. In fact, I demonstrated this today in my flight.

"'And I couldn't afford to go slow, as the air above bodies of water is filled with moisture and danger of condensation is greater. I wouldn't relish the idea of a dip in the Pacific, therefore I would hurry across at top speed.'"

TORNADO AT MERIDIAN

18 Known Dead; 9 Injured—Property Loss, $1,000,000.

Memphis, Tenn., March 3.—A staff special to the Commercial-Appeal from Meridian, Miss., says:

A tornado, in the wake of which followed death, fire and property loss, in a sum not to be estimated at this hour, descended shortly after 6 o'clock last night and plowed a pathway from the southern to the eastern suburbs of the city.

At 2 o'clock this morning the city of 15,000 inhabitants is in darkness, the local guards, by the light of camp fires, are patrolling an area of debris and wreckage that extends in a slender path from the Meridian Fertilizer company on the south to the Meridian cotton mills, in what is known as Georgetown, an eastern suburb of the city.

The known dead are:

Patrick McGinnis, local freight conductor, Mobile & Ohio, killed in Elmire's restaurant; Mrs. S. R. Singleton and little granddaughter, killed in home by falling roof; John Smith, of Selma, engineer on Southern, killed in Elmire's restaurant; Wm. R. Nelson, ex-chief of police, killed in Thornton's transfer stable; Police Officer Tarry, killed in Thornton's transfer stable; Claude Williams, killed in the Meyer-Neville Hardware company's store; five unknown negroes and whites, killed in Georgetown cotton mills suburb; six unknown killed in the fertilizer factory suburb.

The injured: —— Sherrer, clerk New Orleans & Northeastern freight depot; J. K. Woodwish, gash cut in head, serious; Will Yarbough, clerk in restaurant, hurt internally; Frank Woodruff, of Aniston, Ala., bookkeper Meyer-Neville Hardware company; W. A. Garett, night clerk Camerson hotel, leg broken and otherwise seriously injured; Grady Stone, colored, leg broken and hurt internally; —— Dean, operator Mobile & Ohio, hurt internally; Col. Charles Elmire, injured about head and back.

Residence Portion Safe.

About 6:10 p. m. the clouds began to gather. They came hurriedly and hovered close and black over the city. At 6:27 the storm broke. It was of estimated four minutes' duration. During this time a reign of terror prevailed. The air was filled with missiles. Rain fell steadily for half an hour following the tornado, aiding in the suppression of the innumerable fires that were springing up. The residence portion of the city was safe from harm.

Meridian had always considered itself tornado proof. Mount Barton and the Sand Mountain hills were accepted as a sentinel against such disasters. The Sowashee valley was crossed by the storm, and this was most unexpected.

Pinioned Under Debris.

F. Z. Woodruff, bookkeeper for the Meyer-Neville Hardware company, is now pinioned under the debris of the five-story structure, his foot caught, but his body peculiarly protected from injury. Workmen are busily engaged in an effort to relieve him and with saw and hammer he is aiding as best he can. The fire department has recovered the charred bodies of several negroes taken from the ruins of small tenements which were in the wake of the wind and fire.

Buildings Destroyed.

It is safe to estimate the property loss at a round million. The largest single loss will probably fall on the Meyer-Neville Hardware company. Its building is a brick heap. Among the buildings destroyed are the following:

The Meridian Cotton Oil mill.
The city electric power station.
The Queen & Crescent freight depot.
The Lyle Grocery Co.
The C. M. Rubish lumber yards.
The Meyer-Neville Hardware Co.
The Grand Avenue hotel.
The Ogden hotel.
The Railroad Y. M. C. A.
Elmire's restaurant.

A large number of small buildings were either demolished or damaged.

Tore Path Through Negro District.

The Meridian Fertilizer company's loss is almost total. It was this building that the storm first struck. In a northerly direction the wind wound its way, tearing a path through a negro settlement. Little is known of the loss of life there. The property loss will not be great.

The power station was visited and while the tall chimney escaped the fury of the wind, yet outer parts of the plant are so demolished that it may be ten days before it will be possible to reestablish its lighting facilities. North of the powerhouse the storm overturned a few box cars and crossed the tracks of the Alabama & Vicksburg railway. There is a cluster of depots in this vicinity, and two operators in these were injured. The buildings were damaged but no lives lost.

Lumber Yards Swept Away.

The Tom Lyle Grocery company was crushed to a heap of splintered lumber, and fire followed its fall. The Roebuck Lumber Co., one of the largest in East Mississippi, had its yards swept away. Will Ethridge, a young man, was carried 100 yards in the air, and set down, well balanced on his feet, unhurt. Details are meagre.

Story of an Eye Witness.

Mobile, March 3.—F. M. Strutz, of Washington, Mo., who arrived here today from Meridan, Miss., gave a vivid description of last night's tornado. Mr. Strutz said:

"I was in the dining room of the Southern hotel when the death-dealing wind struck the city. Late in the afternoon I noticed that dark clouds hovered around the city and the humidity was very trying. Shortly after 6:15 o'clock, a terrible looking cloud could be observed bounding out of the southwest towards the city. This was followed by a downpour of rain, and then, with a rush and noise that struck terror to the stoutest heart, the tornado descended upon that portion of the city near the passenger depot. It came towards the city from the southwest following the railroad tracks, which passed through Meridan along Front street. The result was terrible.

"Among the first buildings to go down was the electric lighting plant and the city was thrown into a stilling darkness. Confusion reigned. People were panic-stricken and rushed into the streets from every direction. That the death rate is not larger than that given is marvelous, but can be accounted for probably by the fact that many employes of the wrecked houses, depot offices and other places maintaining large clerical forces, had finished their day's work and gone to their homes.

Path Was Two Blocks Wide.

"Front street is devastated. Few houses are left standing there. The path of the tornado was about two blocks wide, extending from the passenger depot northward to beyond Second street. Buildings on Twenty-second avenue, from First to Second streets, in a northerly direction, are wrecked.

Loss of Life Estimated at 35.

"The loss of life is estimated at about thirty-five, many of whom are negroes.

"To add to the terror of the night and the fears of the panic-stricken people who thronged the streets, fire broke out in various parts of the ruined district. It was known that many were under the ruins of the wrecked buildings. To rescue these was the uppermost thought in the minds of those who remained self-possessed. Valadalism was also soon apparent, and to keep back persons who were frenzied with grief over missing friends and relatives, the local militia was called out.

100 DEAD ARE REPORTED

List of Injured Given as Numbering 200 at Meridian.

New Orleans, March 3. — A special from Meridian, Miss., estimates the loss of life at 100, with about 200 injured. The dispatch received in New Orleans at 11 a. m., says much confusion prevails in Meridian and detailed lists of the causulties are still unavailable.

President C. C. Harvey, of the New Orleans & Northwestern railroad, left New Orleans for Meridian today. The Northeastern officers have been unable to obtain any information as to the extent of the disaster at Meridian so far as their own losses are concerned, and Mr. Harvey went there to investigate conditions and to assist in the rehabilitation of the road's property.

Superintendent Curran left for Meridian last night in a special train, but nothing has since been heard from him. The regular eastern train, due this morning, did not arrive. Both the Western Union and Postal wires in this direction are still prostrated. The postal began to work one wire, but it has been in service only intermittently.

Birmingham, Ala., March 3.—Communication with Meridian, Miss., was partly restored by both telegraph companies from this point, about 11 o'clock this morning, but as yet it has been impossible to secure an accurate estimate on the loss of life from last night's tornado. It is said the greatest loss of life was in the factory districts, where search parties are still at work.

PERKINS GAVE EULOGY

Former Speaker Laid to Rest by Grand Army Veterans.

Dubuque, Ia., March 1.—The funeral of former Speaker David B. Henderson was held here this afternoon. A remarkable tribute was paid to his memory. Business was suspended during the hours of his funeral and for five minutes following the commencement of services the bells in every church in Dubuque tolled. Otherwise silence reigned, not a wheel turning in the city during that period.

During the morning the body was taken under escort of the Elks to St. John's Episcopal church, where it lay in state, the Dubuque military company acting as a guard of honor. The flowers were magnificent. There were six wagonloads of them. The Episcopal funeral service was read by the Rev. John C. Sage. Hon. George D. Perkins, of Sioux City, a former colleague in congress, pronounced the eulogy.

The G. A. R. took charge of the body after the service at the church. The funeral procession was led by the military company with muffled drums, followed by the G. A. R. and kindred organizations and the Knights Templars. A riderless horse bearing a soldier's accoutrements with boots reversed was led behind the hearse. Services at the grave in Linwood were conducted by the Knights Templars and the G. A. R. A military squad fired three volleys over the grave and sounded taps. The Iowa general assembly was represented at the funeral by committees headed by Lieutenant Governor Herriott and Speaker Clark. Department Commander Harper represented the G. A. R. Many noted men were present.

George D. Perkins eulogized in part as follows:

"His life was an example and an inspiration; the poor boy on the farm, the soldier going to the front, his cruel hurt, his indomitable spirit, his struggle for a better place among men, how he builded from the web of opportunity, gained admission to a learned profession, took a place with distinguished lawyers, and year by year added to his powers; chosen to represent his district in congress, advanced there to great influence, receiving at the last the homage of the office which is only second to the presidency—this poor boy, born over the sea. He had many contests; we may know he had defeats, for we have come here now with our cheers and our benedictions.

"All the struggle is over, the varying tide of it and its pains. We can add nothing to his fame; we cannot put his heart to beating, and there is no power in earthly love to recall the soul that has taken flight. The lifelong soldier has been mustered out. His commission is with his people.

"David Bremner Henderson—but not that—'Our Dave,' hail to you and farewell!"

RESIGNATION ACCEPTED

Takakiro Kato Quits as Foreign Minister.

London, March 3.—A dispatch from Tokio to the Daily Telegraph reports that the emperor of Japan has accepted the resignation of Count Takakiro Kato from the position of foreign minister.

Field Marshal Yamagata, president of the privy council and member of the military council of the empire, according to the same correspondent, is the principal supporter of the proposition for the nationalization of railways on strategical grounds.

SHYLOCK IS AFTER COUNT

Wants to Levy on Goods in the Castellane Mansion.

Paris, March 1.—An application was made to the civil tribunal for permission to levy on the household goods in the Castellane mansion to satisfy a claim for money advanced to Count Boni. The lawyers of the countess resisted the request on the grounds that the goods are her separate property.

The case finally was referred to a judge in chamber to determine whether a portion of the count's belongings are in the mansion. The case is considered to be a test affecting numerous other creditors.

A PERFECT HAND.

How Its Appearance Became Familiar to the Public.

The story of how probably the most perfect feminine hand in America became known to the people is rather interesting.

As the story goes the possessor of the hand was with some friends in a photographer's one day and while talking held up a piece of candy. The pose of the hand with its perfect contour and faultless shape attracted the attention of the artist, who proposed to photograph it. The result was a beautiful picture kept in the family until one day, after reading a letter from someone inquiring as to who wrote the Postum and Grape-Nut advertisements, Mr. Post said to his wife, "We receive so many inquiries of this kind, that it is evident some people are curious to know, suppose we let the advertising department have that picture of your hand to print and name it 'A Helping Hand.'" (Mrs. Post has assisted him in preparation of some of the most famous advertisements.)

There was a natural shrinking from the publicity, but with an agreement that no name would accompany the picture its use was granted.

The case was presented in the light of extending a welcoming hand to the friends of Postum and Grape-Nuts, so the picture appeared on the back covers of many of the January and February magazines and became known to millions of people.

Many artists have commented upon it as probably the most perfect hand in the world.

The advertising dept. of the Postum Co. did not seem able to resist the temptation to enlist the curiosity of the public, by refraining from giving the name of the owner when the picture appeared, but stated that the name would be given later in one of the newspaper announcements, thus seeking to induce the readers to look for and read the forthcoming advertisements to learn the name of the owner.

This combination of art and commerce and the multitude of inquiries furnishes an excellent illustration of the interest the public takes in the personal and family life of large manufacturers whose names become household words through extensive and continuous announcements in newspapers and periodicals.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

What Is More Beautiful than a Mother's Love?

"Who ran to help me when I fell
And would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the place to make it well,
My mother."

A mother's worries are many. She sometimes forgets her own bodily discomforts because of her overpowering love for the child. She becomes broken down, sleepless, nervous, irritable and feels tired from morning until night. Many mothers of experience can tell you that at such a time they have been relieved, benefited and strengthened and put into proper health by taking a prescription which their mothers had told them was the best woman's tonic and nervine to be taken at such times. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has enjoyed an enviable reputation for over a third of a century. In all that time it has sold more largely in the United States than any other tonic for woman's needs, and to-day its sales are greater than ever. Dr. Pierce made up this prescription from native medicinal roots without the use of a particle of alcohol and for the single purpose of curing those diseases peculiar to women and when there is a lack of womanly strength to bear the burdens of maternal duty. How few women come to this critical time with adequate strength. The reason why so many women sink under the strain of motherhood is because they are unprepared. Is preparation then required for motherhood? asks the young woman. And every experienced mother answers —"Yes." "I unhesitatingly advise expectant mothers to use Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription," writes Mrs. J. W. G. Stephens, of Mila, Va. The reason for this advice is that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best preparative for the maternal function. No matter how healthy and strong a woman may be, she cannot use "Favorite Prescription" as a preparative for maternity without gain of health and comfort. But it is the women who are not strong who best appreciate the great benefits received from the use of "Favorite Prescription." For one thing its use makes the baby's advent practically painless. It has in many cases reduced days of suffering to a brief few hours. It has changed the period of anxiety and struggle into a time of ease and comfort.

A DUTY WOMEN OWE THEMSELVES.

"Good actions speak louder than words," so, too does the testimony of many thousands of women during a third of a century speak louder than mere claims not backed by any such record of cures.

Miss Emma Petty, 1126 S. Olive Street, Indianapolis, Ind., Past Vice-President, Daughters of Pocahontas, Minneola Council, also Organist, South Baptist Church, Indianapolis, writes: "For several years I suffered with leucorrhœa, which was a serious drain on my vitality, sapping my strength and causing severe headaches, bearing-down pains and a general worn-out feeling, until I really had no desire to live. I had many medicines recommended to me and tried many, but did not get permanent relief until I took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. In two months I was much better and stronger, and in four months I was well. Have had no more disagreeable discharge, no more pain; so I have every reason to praise 'Favorite Prescription.' I consider it without an equal for ills of women."

All the ingredients entering into Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription are printed in plain English on each bottle wrapper. Dr. Pierce thereby shows that he is not afraid to tell his patients just what this medicine is made of. This is not true of any other medicine especially designed for the cure of woman's peculiar ailments. This "Prescription" is also the only woman's medicine sold through druggists that does not contain a large percentage of alcohol; it contains not a drop.

As an indication of the high esteem in which the medical profession are coming to regard the several ingredients of which Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, for weak and ailing women is composed, we have room here to insert only the following:

Dr. John Fyfe, of Saugatuck, Conn., Editor of the Department of Therapeutics in THE ELECTRIC REVIEW says of Unicorn root (*Helonias Dioica*) one of the chief ingredients of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription: "A remedy which invariably acts as a uterine invigorator and always favors a condition which makes for normal activity of the entire reproductive system, cannot fail to be of great usefulness and of the utmost importance to the general practitioner of medicine."

"In Helonias we have a medicament which more fully answers the above purposes *than any other drug with which I am acquainted.* In the treatment of diseases peculiar to women it is seldom that a case is seen which does not present some indication for this remedial agent."

"The following are among the leading indications for Helonias: Pain or aching in the back, with leucorrhœa; atonic (weak) conditions of the reproductive organs of women, mental depression and irritability, associated with chronic diseases of the reproductive organs of women, constant sensation of heat in the region of the kidneys; menorrhagia, ("flooding") due to a weakened condition of the reproductive system; amenorrhœa, arising from or accompanying an abnormal condition of the digestive organs and an anæmic (thin blood) habit; dragging sensations in the extreme lower part of the abdomen."

If more or less of the above symptoms are present, no invalid women can do better than take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, one of the leading ingredients of which is Unicorn root, or Helonias.

MEN AND WOMEN

should have a medical book handy, for knowledge is power. They should know about anatomy and physiology. They should have a book that treats of the sexological relations of both sexes out of and in wedlock, as well as how and when to advise son and daughter. Has unequaled endorsement of the press, ministry, legal and medical professions. The main cause of unhappiness, ill-health, sickly children, and divorce is admitted by physicians and shown by court records to be the violation of the laws of self and sex. A standard work is the People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, by R. V. Pierce, M. D. Send 31 one-cent stamps for the cloth-bound book, or 21 stamps for the paper-covered volume. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

WALSH UNDER ARREST

Charged With Violation of National Banking Laws.

Chicago, March 3.—Charged with violation of the national banking laws, John R. Walsh, president of the defunct Chicago National bank, that closed its doors on December 18 of last year, was yesterday taken into custody on a federal warrant.

He is also charged with having converted to his own use without proper authority funds of the bank amounting to $5,000,000. He was released after giving bond to the amount of $50,000. The preliminary hearing was set for March 10 before United States Commissioner Foote.

The complaint alleges in specific terms that on the 18th day of November, 1905, the Chicago National bank, of which Mr. Walsh was president, transmitted to the controller of the currency a statement of the financial condition of the bank at the close of business on November 9. In this statement "the said John R. Walsh unlawfully made certain false entries to the effect that at the close of business on the 9th day of November, the amount of loans and discounts of the said banking association on which the officers and directors thereof were then liable either as payer or indorser was $245,000, whereas in truth the amount of such loans and discounts was $3,000,000, and another false entry to the effect that the amount of loans and discounts of the said association of which the officers and directors were not liable as payers or indorsers was $10,658,282, whereas in truth the amount of such loans and discounts on which officers and directors were not liable was much smaller, namely $7,500,000."

The arrest of Mr. Walsh came as the direct result of the last examination of the books of the Chicago National bank made by Special Bank Examiner Arthur L. Curry, sent to Chicago from Washington. The data furnished to the treasury department in Washington was sent to District Attorney Morrison in this city with instructions to take the proper steps in the matter. Mr. Morrison early yesterday swore to the complaint before United States Commissioner Foote, who issued a warrant for the arrest of Mr. Walsh and placed it in the hands of Deputy Marshal Middleton.

Mr. Walsh was found in his office and placed under arrest, but friends of the ex-banker asked that the officers delay

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

JENNINGS.

EMILY S. BOUTON, EDITOR

Keynotes of Harmony.

WEDNESDAY.

It is characteristic of an evil thought to recoil upon its author, the evident purpose being to teach him a better use for his divine privilege of thinking.

THURSDAY.

No one builds our bodies for us; we do it for ourselves. No one can do our thinking for us, although we may accept the thoughts of another and in so doing subject ourselves to an external mentality.

FRIDAY.

Strive to keep a free, open sense; cleared from the mists of prejudice and above all from the paralysis of cant.

SATURDAY.

In ourselves, our minds, we have energies always at hand; we can be masters of circumstances; we have in our ideals guides that point the way to the larger consciousness, and to life that is Freedom.

SUNDAY.

Learn to keep calm and serene under all circumstances; you know that God is everywhere and there is, therefore, nothing in the whole universe to fear.

MONDAY.

Success is possible to all, and consists in developing our highest and best qualities in such a way as to benefit others. Our effort is always repaid in kind.

TUESDAY.

Believe in yorself—and in your capacity and power for good—and let others know that you so believe. Believe in others. Look for the better and nobler qualities in everyone. They are there, and you will find them.

When the Blue Birds Come A-flitting.

Value of Explaining and Confessing

EMILY S. BOUTON.

One day last week when the soft breezes came from the southland, whispering of the coming spring, two beautiful bluebirds made their appearance, flying hither and yon from tree to tree, as if in delight and expectancy. As I watched them the words of Thoreau came to my mind, that the color of the bluebird always made it seem "as if he carried the sky upon his back." That is like this nature lover of whom some one has written: "He saw the seasons and the landscape through their colors; and all hours and fields and woods spoke in varied hues which impressed him with sentiment."

These two blue birds of which I speak are the latest of the feathered tribes to say farewell to us in the autumn and the earliest to greet us in the spring. Sometimes I have wondered whether they have not found some snug and cozy corner, where they stay through the cold and gray winter days, thus avoiding the long flight southward which their companions take. It seems as if it must be so, else how could they so promptly appear when the first promise of spring is given?

Perhaps they were not the same pair, you say? That may be so, and yet I believe they are, and that in them is the same love of the place that is home which belongs to many human beings. The people with whom they have become familiar, the trees through which they flit with a knowledge of every branch and bough, even the animals, their enemies, whose habits they have learned—all are a part of the environment which they have grown to regard as theirs by right of possession.

Yes, I am sure they were the same blue birds, because they seemed so assured, so independent. And how busy they were in the warm sunshine! How swiftly they chased each other from place to place, as if they could not repress their joy at being alive! How fiercely they buried their bills in the bark of the trees to find the living food for which they hungered! How they defied the sparrows, those brave little fellows who remain with us all winter, no matter how cold the winds' breath may blow!

Today the blue birds are not to be seen. They vanished from sight when the sun hid its face, the blue of the sky turned to gray, and the mercury crept down to freezing. They made the mistake of believing, with many human beings, that the warmth and glory of the sunshine meant the real coming of the spring.

And how we always thrill to that coming! How we listen for the undercurrent of sounds that tells how Mother Earth is awakening to a new manifestation of life and beauty! There is something about the spring different from any other season of the year, in that it speaks of a new cycle of bud and blossom and fruit. It reminds us that the same thing may be true of our lives; that no matter how "cold and dark and dreary" they have been for a season, the change which shall bring into them joy and gladness is possibly drawing near. The songs of the returning birds, the outspringing of the leaves, the upgrowing of the green grass —all seem to bid us take courage, for beyond, just out of sight, the welcome opportunity may be waiting soon to bud and blossom into fulfilment.

The song of the blue bird is, then, welcome for its significance, even though winter has not yet gone so far away beyond the hills of the north that it does not fling backward its chilly breath with a threat of further unpleasantness. We know that it is losing its power and its strength, that while, with the birds, we are compelled again to seek cover and warmth, it is only for a little season ere the springtime melodies will once more rejoice our hearts.

It is the passing of the old, the coming of the new. We do not look backward recalling the wintry gray days to live them over again, but gladly greet the harbingers of the summer's beauty and glory drawing near. Just so should we do with our lives. Faces front, eyes looking forward, bravely refusing to turn to a shadowed and mournful past—that is the attitude that will make possible a prosperous and happy future.

I was in a business office the other day. While waiting a man with a worried face came in and I heard him tell the business manager of the way he had been misjudged, and he questioned as to whether he should make a public explanation of his action.

"Not a bit of it," replied his adviser. "When you think you have done right, do not try to explain away a misconception. Your enemies will not believe you, while your friends, even though they may sometimes doubt your wisdom, will be sure that your motives were good. Explanations are always useless."

In thinking the matter over afterward, I wondered if that were true, and finally came to the conclusion that it was in a large measure. Words for the greater part depend for the meaning they convey upon the mental attitude of the hearer, and unless there is an evident misunderstanding of facts, the explanation, pure and simple, of motives, better be left unmade. In nine cases out of ten it will serve, not to change a judgment already arrived at, however out of harmony it may be with the truth, but to intensify the prejudiced belief.

This is as true in the social and family life as elsewhere. If there be a disposition to misinterpret the motive, words usually fail to convince, and indeed, it is wiser not to speak them lest they only serve to deepen a misunderstanding. You will notice that I am speaking only of the wrong thought cherished until it has ripened into a conviction that no explanation can alter. Of course there may be circumstances when silence is carried so far as to seem simply a manifestation of an unfriendly spirit.

Then there is the confession of wrong doing which, it is often urged, is necessary to be made no matter how absolutely removed it is from the life of today. Unless justice to others makes such confession necessary, it is far better to bury even the memory of the wrong in the past, rolling a stone against its sepulchre, and live and work toward the highest ideal of the present. It is often only a sickly sentimentality that dictates the telling of a wrong once done under temptation, a sin committed through weakness, which has hitherto remained unknown. The secret regret for the wrong doing may have developed a greater strength of character, a firmer sense of right than could have been possible otherwise. Its unnecessary telling plants a doubt in the mind of the hearer which, unconsciously to himself, will color his after judgment and sway his action to an extent he does not dream of. And the suffering brought to both is so needless!

You can see, I am sure, the underlying thought of what I am saying, which is that we make many mistakes in life by a false judgment as to when "silence is golden." In fact the majority of us talk too much. We multiply words uselessly. We explain when explanations are needless; we confess when confession brings suffering that is unnecessary.

This does not mean that we are to measure off our speech with a yardstick; that we are to suppress the pleasant word, the merry jest, both as light as feather's down, and both like the champagne's sparkle, giving zest to the passing hour, the cup from which we quaff. And well I know there is another side to the matter, that there is a silence that is leaden, immovable as the rocks upon which beat the waves of the sea, but that is rare and means naught to us in the present. For we are considering only the question of whether the explanation and the confession as a general rule add to the sum of human happiness and right doing. The individual decision in such matters must be made upon the individual responsibility.

The Cozy Corner

(Written for The Blade.)

MY MOTHER.

As I watch my dear old mother
Lightly sleeping in her chair,
With the twilight of September
Softly kissing her white hair—
And I note the many wrinkles
On her saintly, dear, old face,
Then I know—my sad heart grieving—
She will soon have run her race.

Oh, what years of care, dear mother,
Your poor body did endure.
And how patiently, and humbly
Led your life so hard, but pure.
Your blue eyes are tired and faded
And your hands are hard and thin,
But to me, you're lovely, mother,
Body, heart and soul within.

—Herman R. Soldwedel.

WILL NOT BE PERSUADED.

I was much interested, and amused, by the letter of "Mrs. Alethea B." concerning the woman who wouldn't be persuaded. I am also enjoying the idea that if the lady heard the "special" sermon that was preached for her benefit, she must have been immensely amused by it, and it must be that the minister was a man of great moral courage to preach such a sermon, or else he did not know where "most of his salary" came from.

If there were more women like this, we should hear less about the need of juvenile courts for juvenile offenders, for, verily, the so-called heathen could, and do, give us splendid information on how to remedy our heathen faults. It is not long ago that we were sending missionaries to Japan; they seem coming this way now and the same can be said of nearly all "heathen nations" when it comes to the realities.

The zealous missionary worker is so absorbed in attending to her foreign neighbors' salvation that she has no time to look after the instruction along that line, of her own children, and trusts that to some young and inexperienced Sunday school teacher, for an hour a week. This hour must be divided between from six to eighteen little children —for it is generally a test of a Sunday school teacher's popularity to have a "large class"—and to this teacher, with her limited opportunities, once a week, is left the task of instilling in the child's mind a knowledge of the greatest and most important principles of life; a knowledge that should be taught in the home during every waking hour of the child's life, both by the precept and example of the parent.

The Sunday school teacher in Chicago who was stopped on the street one evening and robbed of her purse by boys who proved to be members of her own Sunday school class, had been faithful in collecting pennies for the foreign missions, but had neglected to care for the heathen at her door in failing to teach them the eighth commandment.

In my own little town, where there is much less temptation to do wrong than in larger cities, we have illustrations of mothers neglecting their own children because of their busy work for foreign missions. Do not think I am not in favor of misisonary work. I am; but I think a woman who cares first for the things of her own household is serving her God more acceptably than the one who leaves those entrusted to her special care for the sake of others, and a woman who remembers the thirsty dogs and cats, horses, and people, and gives to all the "cup of cold water" is not in great need of being "reformed."—Alice G. Hold.

WHY PERSUADE HER?

Instead of looking for ways to "persuade" Mrs. Alethea B.'s neighbor to change her ways of bestowing her wealth I would uphold her in doing as she does. Why should she not care more for the children at home than for those in Asia? Suppose you could induce her to take a dollar from the assistance of a child here and send it to help a child in Asia; where would be the gain? A child's soul is as well worth saving in America as it is in Asia, and none of the dollar spent here goes for "expenses," as must a portion of the one sent away, so really, more good could be accomplished.

I have no sympathy with those who decry giving to foreign missions and give nothing at home either, but by your statement we know this woman does give liberally to the things she knows are in need of help at home.

While we can but admire your zeal for missionary work, we must also admire the woman who uses her own money where she conscientiously thinks it is most needed, in spite of the adverse criticisms of her Christian neighbors.

As for "ostracising" her, she probably will always have so many friends among the more practical and sensible people in the world that she will not miss your missionary society should you carry that threat out, and, really, it seems to me an evidence of her truly Christian spirit that she will be "pleasant and sociable" with you when you are so extremely narrow in your ideas. I wish we could induce her to come and live in our town, for we need just such women here.—"Bert," W. Va.

ANOTHER EXCELLENT LETTER.

Mrs. Lydia C. sends an excellent letter on this same subject, but it is almost identical with those given, and shows how liberal minded women in every place agree in thinking that—first, all charity should not be taken from our own country for the benefit of the so-called heathen; and secondly, that all should be allowed to use their own means according as their conscience dictates, provided always, that the money is used for some good purpose.

HER REASONS.

In a brief note Mrs. Van M. gives her reasons for not giving to foreign missions. She writes: I have just read the letter from Mrs. A. B., and have also had a calling down from my own pastor because I do not feel that I can give to foreign missions. First, I have but limited means, and I cannot divide my offerings and have them large enough to be of any use to either. Secondly, I cannot step over the destitute ones at my door to give money to those who are so far away.

When my pastor reminded me of the commandment of our Lord that we send the gospel to all nations, I reminded him that the open door policy of our country brought "all nations" here, and I was helping them by giving to the poor, for the majority of our paupers are those who are foreigners. No need to go to Asia, Africa or the islands of the ocean to find and help their people, when the very worst and most helpless of them come to America to be helped. No, Mrs. Alethea B., do not attempt to reform this neighbor who works, and does not talk so much. She is all right.

A CHAPTER ON VEGETABLES

Potatoes come from far Virginia;
Parsley was sent us from Sardinia;
French beans, low growing on the earth;
To distant India trace their birth;
But scarlet runners, gay and tall,
That climb upon your garden wall—
A cheerful sight to all around—
In South America were found.
The onion traveled here from Spain;
The leek from Switzerland we gain,
Garlic from Sicily obtain,
Spinach in far Syria grows;
Two hundred years ago or more
Brazil the artichoke sent o'er,
And Southern Europe's sea coast shore
Beet root on us bestows.
When 'Lizabeth was reigning here,
Peas came from Holland, and were dear.
The South of Europe lays its claim
To beans, but some from Egypt came.
The radishes, both thin and stout,
Natives of China are, no doubt;
But turnips, carrots, and sea kale,
With Celery, so crisp and pale,
Are products of our own fair land,
And cabbages, a goodly tribe,
Which abler pens might well describe,
Are also ours, I understand.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

And "Addie" has her troubles, too!

Since Miss Prudence has asked us to write our housekeeping experiences something has happened in mine, that is, perhaps, different from any one else's; any way, as I was intending to make you a visit this week, I brought my trouble with me, hoping some one could explain it.

First, I want to say how good it seemed to have "Unicetti" inquire about me. I think we all like to know we are remembered and to have someone tell us so.

Now about my "experience." I usually churn twice a week and have my regular cash customers for my butter the year around. Last Tuesday I thought I had the cream the proper "ripeness" and temperature so the butter would come in about fifteen minutes, and started in hopefully, as usual, with about two gallons of cream, but after a while when it foamed like the ocean waves in a storm, I concluded that something was the matter, and poured in some warm water and churned for another hour. Then, as there was no change apparent, I remembered hearing that if the cows were not sufficiently salted, the cream would not work well, so I added some salt and churned until "Scarlet Wing" came in for his dinner.

I had been churning since 9:30, and while I go a "scrap dinner" the good man churned. After dinner I churned from 1 till 4 o'clock, and still no butter. I poured the cream into a porcelain pan and scalded it, hoping in that way to separate the cream from the milk. The next morning I skimmed the cream off into the churn and my husband churned until I had all of my morning's work done, when he suggested that we throw it into the swill, but having gained my strength and courage, I tried again until dinner time, and then I put it into a jar and used it to make pancakes of, and it is fine for that.

The cakes made of it will just melt in your mouth, and I think how the M. G. R. boys would enjoy them.

Now can any of the farmers' wives tell me what was the matter? Who has had a similar experience or who would like to be a farmer's wife under such circumstances?

Isn't it a little strange that "New England Girl" for the far east and I from the far west should have been the only ones to have seen Miss Prudence? I was greatly amused by the descriptions of her that were sent in. Some of the writers were—as we used to say when playing "I Spy," quite "warm," while others were so "cold" it made me shiver, and none were near enough to gain a prize. Distance is being so eliminated nowadays, by new methods of travel, fast trains, etc., that I am hoping we may sometime have a real M. G. R. meeting in Toledo, and all get back home in time for the evening chores.—"Addie."

Another "experience" — I am a farmer's son; a lad of eighteen summers, and one more winter, and being the only child of my parents, my mother has taught me how to be useful as well as ornamental and, therefore, I know how to cook some things and find the knowledge very useful. One day not long ago, my mother went away for a visit and I was to keep house. The first evening I baked some biscuits and they were fine. They rose, and rose, in the tin, which shows they were "light;" I watched them most carefully so they would not burn—like some careless cooks' biscuit do—and when they were done, I tried to take them from the oven.

I took the dish towel to protect my hands, but alas! I had but one thickness of cloth between my hands and a very hot tin and in spite of all I could do my hands grew warmer and warmer, until just before I reached the table, I let go, and those biscuits went—top side down—into the coal box. My father and I had for our supper that night the scraps of bread left from dinner.

It is a good thing for a boy to know how to cook, but he should also know how to carry a hot tin without dropping the contents into the coal box. — Joel Slocum.

Another good suggestion is made by this new friend, who is very welcome to our circle. Come again, "Miss Blank."

In answer to "Missies" question, whether it will be beter to marry the man who loves you or the man you love, I would say that if it is not a mutual love affair, and these are not one and the same man, choose the man you love, by all means, for love enables one to "endure all things" and at best, the love of man is but transitory—here today and gone to morrow.

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A Home-School for Crippled Children

The following account of a home school for crippled children, where they are taught to be skilled workers and are trained to be self-supporting, is taken from an article which appears in the February issue of The Craftsman.

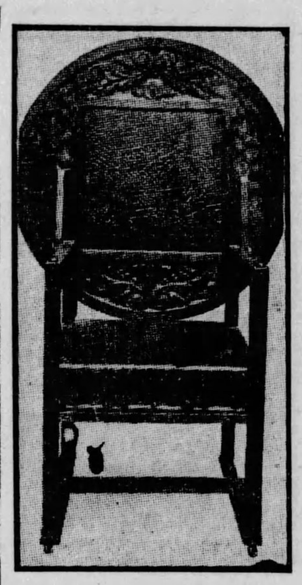
Seventy little children, all poor, all seriously crippled and all happy, work together every school day in the year in a Free Industrial Home school established in New York only six years ago by a woman, who wanted to work for children every minute of her life to keep from breaking her heart over the death of her own young son. This school, with its single purpose of making poor deformed children, little waifs from the black edges of a great city, into useful, self-supporting, contented citizens, is entirely the original idea of one woman's brain—her wish to lessen suffering born out of her own profound suffering.

The intention of the school is not merely to aid crippled children, to interest and amuse them; it is to teach them to aid themselves and others and to make them valuable and successful craftsmen in the field of all, to them, available manual arts. The children are taught to be happy and kind, to work for their living and to play for their health. The word charity is never heard in the school—but love very often.

Mrs. Arthur Elliot Fish, who is the sole inspiration and almost the sole support of the whole school, has found the secret of touching to life the spiritual side of these hitherto neglected children. She spends the best part of every day with them and all the long summertime she lives with them out in the country home her influence has provided. She know them intimately, and loves them, every one of them, white and black, wan or rosy, gentle or bitter with the cruel hurt of life. They are all "darling" and "sweetheart" and "dear." She remembers all their tiny important hurts and joys. She provides clothes for the most needy — pretty clothes that make poor little girls all bound up in terrible machinery look dainty and cared for, and trim sailor suits that are adjusted to distorted little bodies until every boy seems as much as possible like other outdoor boys, and so gets to feel more natural and less cut away from fun.

The name Home school exactly expresses the intention and purpose of this institution. The children are taught every day the usual public school simple branches of study, with customary exact school discipline for the given number of hours a day; and then according to age, mental development and physical dexterity they are advanced to the manual training rooms. There is a delightfully cheerful, well arranged kindegarten room for the smallest children, some of them almost babies who plead tearfully for the privilege of coming: "'Cause Mrs. Fish's awful good, and it's warm and there's dinner and you ride there." And to the exact limit of space of one fine old city house every child who pleads and whose lot is sad enough is welcome.

Every morning the school carriage with the mostly kindly careful coachman, who is loved by the children and who helps the weak and carries the helpless, is sent to collect this strange freight of school children. While they are at the home, which is practically all day, they are treated not only as scholars who are expected to remember rules and obey absolutely, but as members of a family who are taugh unselfishness, courtesy toward each other, deference to all older people from the kind teacher to the kind cook; and, best of all, the consciousness of the sadness and bitterness of their lot is as far as possible effaced. The atmosphere of the place as a home is cheerful and full of affection; as a school it is earnest and full of ambition and determination.



WOOD CARVING DONE BY THE CHILDREN OF THE HOME SCHOOL.

Only the more beautiful and interesting of the industrial arts have been incorporated in the school work, with the feeling that it is but a proper balance of Fate that these distorted lives should associate through all their working hours with the creation of beauty, that they should have a chance to earn their living by developing beautiful ideas. If a young man or woman is thinking out a design at once useful and artistic, is absorbed in expressing in the most perfect way with the best materials that design, knowing that if it is well done it will be well sold, there is not much time left to spend in reviling Fate and growing bitter over inevitable conditions. Successful interesting work is a direct road to cheerfulness and cheerfulness to wholesome living.

From the very beginning, the object of these industrial classes has been, not merely to train fingers, to render them flexible and responsive, but to cultivate the taste, to awaken the child's eye to the finest color harmonies, to give each child the artist's understanding of beauty with the craftsman's ability to execute. After a first course in basket-weaving, in evolving practical pretty articles from willow or raffia, to make the fingers sensitive, to establish the beginning of technique, the children are advanced to woodcarving and etching, to leather carving and painting. Where there are not large aaccommodations and expensive outfits, leather and wood seem to be the two materials best adapted to the development of industrial skill. Cabinet making is also included in the work for the older boys who happen to show any special fitness for fine carpentry.

Underground Rivers.

What becomes of the streams that sink into the ground, either by seeping through a porous soil or by falling outright into some cavern? Whither flow the rivers, like those in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, which visitors find thundering along across their paths and vanishing again? Coming from the darkness and passing into the darkness? Where does the rain go when it sinks into the ground? Will there always be enough water left for us or is it being gradually swallowed up in the interior of the earth, one day to leave the world arid?

According to the latest theories of our earth, little or no water vanishes permanently into the ground. What goes down in one place comes to the surface again in another, in the form of springs, the vents of which may be on dry land, but are much oftener at the bottom of lakes or of oceans. Rain does not sink very far into the ground, and streams which precipitate themselves into apparently bottomless pits are brought to a stop sooner or later by reaching some layer of clay or of rock through which they cannot pass. This layer may be ten feet or it may be ten thousand feet below the surface, but it always occurs sooner or later.

A "BOTTOMLESS PIT" IN LIMESTONE ROCK.
—From Youth.

Once against this layer, the water begins to flow along it, seeping through the porous strata which overlie it. If a barrier is reached the water simply backs up until it can overtop it and then goes on exactly as it would on top of the ground.

But as water does not flow up hill, all this movement is downward and might not seem to bring it back to the surface again. How about this?

Well, the explanation is very simple, after all. There is a difference of about ten miles between the top of our highest mountains and the bottom of the deepest seas. Ten miles — fifty odd thousand feet—that is a good ways for water to sink vertically—a good deal more than it ordinarily does sink. Long before any given drop of water has penetrated a tenth of that distance the incline of the strata on which it is flowing almost inevitably brings it to the surface again, on some hillside. In the interior of a continent, or on the sloping sides of some great valley in the deeps of the ocean. If it comes to light on the land, it flows on again, either on top of or below the ground, until it reaches the ocean, or else it is caught up by the sun in the form of vapor and carried away and precipitated once more as rain. If it comes out in the ocean it only has to wait its turn to be again vaporized and borne up in the clouds to go again through with its accustomed cycle.

It is in limestone regions that underground waters play their most interesting parts. Every one has heard of the wonders of the Mammoth Cave, where water has carved and worn away and built up the most wonderful and fantastic forms, all in the purest white. Most country boys, too, have seen the so-called "bottomless pits," or sink holes, around which the legends of the colored brother in the south love to cluster. Not many, however, understand how these "devil's footprints" really came into existence.

The popular idea of those who seek to explain them scientifically is that the water sank into the ground there until it wore a hole for itself. The true explanation is that the hole was made from within up and not from without down; and that it was dissolved out, not worn away. Underground streams, whether large or small, eat upwards. Every drop of water that seeps through into them brings with it a tiny portion of the lime or other soluble material through which it has been flowing. It takes a long time to have much effect, but nevertheless it works away with the infinite patience of the ages behind it, until at last a hole is pierced right through the limestone layer, and nothing intervenes between the cave beneath and the light of day but comparatively soft earth. This is speedily carried down until at last the shell above becomes too thin and weak to bear its own weight. Some day, after a severe rainstorm it gives way, and the surprised farmer wakes up to find a hole hundreds of feet deep, perhaps right in the center of his farm-yard; perhaps in the bed of the creek on whose water he depends for the supply of his cattle. There are thousands of such sink holes in Kentucky Tennessee and other limestone states. One small river in the latter state disappears and comes to the surface half a dozen times in ten miles of flow.

But the point is that nothing is lost. The water may sink slowly into the ground not to come to the light again for thousands of miles; or it may fall into a "bottomless" pit to reappear at the base of the next cliff; but reappear sooner or later it always does. It is so with our actions, whether good or bad. They may be swallowed up; covered over; hidden from the sight of men; but sooner or later they will come to light.—Crittenden Marriott in Youth for February.

Banner Puzzlers

FOR JAN.

New Work ..... Buckeye Jr.
Solutions ..... W. P. E.

1—WHO WAS HE?

He was a celebrated Unitarian preacher and writer, born April 7th, 1780, at Newport, R. I. He entered Harvard university at the age of 14, and took his degree in 1798. In 1803 he was ordained minister of a church in Boston. During the earlier years of his ministry, his theological peculiarities had little prominence in his discourses, and in consequence he stood upon friendly terms with his brethern in more orthodox churches. In 1819, however, he preached a sermon advocating the Unitarian doctrine with so much zeal and ability that he was termed the Apostle of Unitarianism. Too the end of his life he preserved a devoutly Christian heart, shrinking with the delicate instinct of a pious nature from everything cold, onesided, or dogmatic, whether Unitarian or Trinitarian. Coleridge said of him: "He has the love of wisdom, and the wisdom of love." He died at Bennington, Vermont, October 2, 1842.

CLEO DAVIS.

2.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

X O O O X
X O O O X
X O O O X
X O O O X
X O O O X

1.—A woman's name.
2.—An ancient writer of fables.
3.—The barber's first assistant.
4.—A country in South America.
5.—A miserable substitute for a house.

Primals are something we have with us now, and finals something we are looking forward to in the near future.

TERENCE O'SHAUGHNESSY.

3.—ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

Find the sides and area of a right-angled triangle whose base is 33 rds., its other sides being integral.

W.P.E.

4.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 22 letters. My 9, 14, 16, 21, 1 is bliss; my 20, 17, 15, 6, 19, 20, 11, 2, 5, 7 is vague; my 3, 10, 12, 4 is without clothing; my 18, 7, 6, 13 is a graceful antlered animal. My whole is past and gone forever.

A. R. ALC.

5.—QUERY.

Who can tell of the first use of "tar and feathers" as a punishment?

BUCKEYE, JR.

6.—QUOTATION.

Who wrote: "Revenge is a kind of wild justice, which the more a man's nature runs to, the more ought law to weed it out."

DODE.

Answers to Puzzles of February 22.

1.—Commodore Nicholas Biddle.
2.—Words forming double acrostic: hatch, omega, night, ethic, sirup, yeast. Primals, honesty; finals, hatchet.
3.—$280.00 income of each. (See chat).
4.—Fish, Eve, evening, David, Micaiah, yoke, lancet, Ahava, Moses, Babylon, Shadrach. "Feed my lambs."
5.—Botany Bay is a haven of New South Wales, discovered by Cook on his first voyage in 1770, and named by him from the great number of new plants in its vicinity. In 1787 it received England's first penal colony in the east, and though supplanted the next year by Port Jackson, it long continued to be the popular designation of the Australian penal settlements in general. On its shore was erected in 1825 a column to the memory of the eminent French navigator, La Perouse.
6—Coleridge wrote: "A picture of an intermediate something between a thought and a thing."

Chat.

The solution sent by L. I. M. to the problem answered today is this:

Lot 7-7 equals each man's income; 1-7 spent by A in 10 years equals 10-7 or amount of A's debt; 1-5 saved by B in 10 years equals 10-5 or amount of B's savings. 10-5 minus 10-7 equals $160. 70-35 minus 50-35 equals $160, hence 20-35 equals $160. 1-35 equals $8; 35-35 or 7-7 equals $280, the income of each man.

The 'Cademy class this morning consisted of: Perry Cross, Mrs. H. Larned, E. G. Richards, Erastus Norman, Pauline, Buckeye, Jr., M. Bell, Chas. Buchanan, Eva, Lewis J. Baird and Lewis Anderson.

In reply to W. P. E.'s criticism as to the "gender" of the Phoenix, Buckeye, Jr., says: "The Latin 'Avis' bird is feminine, and I presume this is the reason Phoenix is spoken of as 'she.' I would like to ask W. P. E. if he would speak of 'Mother Earth?' It, too, only exists singly!"

Chas. Buchanan voices the sentiments of the entire 'Cademy in saying: "I wish the 'Big Editor' would give us more space so we could have two or three solutions to each problem published; then we would have a chance to be 'patted on the back' occasionally as having the best solution. Those given, while they present the correct answer, are vague, and the analysis is not clear to me."

M. Bell—Perhaps the schoolmistress had better not divulge Towa Idea's identity. He may have reasons for not wishing to be 'called out in class.'"

Erastus Norman and Lewis Baird, who are newcomers, are assured that they are very welcome and invited to come again as often as they wish.

Pauline—Your lesson was "100 plus."

All Around the House.

Old shoes that are past wearing, or repairing are bought by men who cut from them all pieces that are of any use, and these are beaten out and used to make pocektbooks, picture frames, penknife holders and other novelties in leather, for which a high price is paid. Possibly you are now carrying your money in one of your old shoes, when you are using the pretty pocketbook you received for Christmas.

In the Tyrol when a girl is married her mother gives her a handkerchief made from new linen which is called a "tear handkerchief;" on it she is supposed to dry the tears that are caused by leaving her home. The handkerchief is then carefully folded and laid away to be used no more until the girl dies, when it is laid over her face.

Beef marrow scraped out of the bone is much more delicate and satisfactory to use in puddings than suet.

When nails are removed from walls the holes left should be filled with putty or a paste made from plaster of paris before the walls are newly papered.

Salts dissolved in alcohol will remove stubborn grease stains from clothing.

Hot milk poured over fruit stains will remove them even better than hot water.

If pumpkin is baked instead of boiled, it makes richer pies, as there is no watery juice clinging to it. Cut the pumpkin with the rind on, place in the oven, cover with a deep tin and bake slowly until done. Then scrape from the skin and prepare as usual.

A faded dress can be made perfectly white by boiling it in water in which has been dissolved half a cupful of cream of tartar to two gallons of water.

Never wash "fresh" vegetables until they are ready to be cooked, but those of the "grocery" kind are often improved by letting them lie in cold water, in which a spoonful of salt has been dissolved, for an hour or two before cooking.

Where a room is heated by anything but hot water, there should always be a vessel of water kept upon the stove or register to moisten the air of the room. The health, happiness and temper of the family will be benefited by this.

If you cannot sleep well, try eating an onion sandwich early in the evening. Slice the onion thin, sprinkle with salt and place between two slices of thin bread and butter. It tastes good and will improve the complexion as well as induce sleep.

When putting away a teapot that is not used every day, put a lump of sugar in it to prevent a musty smell. The sugar will absorb all the dampness and prevent the tea from having an unpleasant odor the next time the pot is used.

A little salt in the oil of a lamp will prevent the greasy odor that is sometimes noticed, even when the lamps are well cared for.

When the asbestos of your grate becomes black, sprinkle it well with salt and burn the gas a few minutes.

Painted furniture will keep new looking if it is wiped once a week with a cloth wet in milk and water. This may also be used on the finish of doors and windows.

Cover your trunk with common burlap or coffee sacking. Secure it firmly with twine, leaving the handles out, and you will find the trunk will wear longer and look better for this protection.

Those whose skins are in the least yellow should use elderflower water as a toilet preparation, and in no case use anything containing glycerine.

For starching muslins, ginghams and calicoes, dissolve a piece of alum the size of a hickory nut in every pint of starch. This will tend to keep the colors bright for a long time.

For a starch polish dissolve two ounces of gum arabic in one pint of boiling soft water. Let it stand all night, strain off into bottles, and use two tablespoonfuls to a pint of starch.

Silk handkerchiefs and ribbons will retain their new look much longer if they are washed in hot soft water and ironed while warm.

Make your holder covers like bags so they can be easily removed, then they can be laundered and the open end basted together when they are slipped over the pad of woolen or leather.

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Just write me your name and address and I will mail you my Perfect Home Eye Tester, free.

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Write now for my free Home Eye Tester. Address as follows:

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(NOTE.—The above is the largest Mail Spectacle House in the United States, and perfectly reliable.)

Miss Eva Booth and Her Dogs to Leave Chappaqua

New York, March 2.—Up in Chappaqua, that dreamy little Quaker hamlet whose chief claim to fame rests on the fact that Horace Greeley made it his home for many years before he died, they are talking of the departure of Miss Eva Booth, commander of the Salvation Army in the United States, with her wonderful collection of dogs.

Ever since Miss Booth settled there a little more than a year ago, with her dogs, her man secretary, her female amanuensis, a housekeeper and one or two other servants, the quiet folks of that restful little community have been talking about her.

Her dogs, her eight hundred dollar saddle horse, her bright red riding jacket, her male attendant, have all proved rich morsels for the local gossip, for Chappaqua never has anything really sensational to talk about and simple things are magnified into important incidents in its daily life. The dogs have been pronounced a village nuisance by some of her neighbors.

They never have any scandals in Chappaqua or any violations of the common law as it is understood in other parts of the world. The nearest approach to a scandal in the village occurred several years ago, when some of the villagers, thinking that it would be a nice thing to have a little music, introduced choral work at the Sunday services in the Quaker

Miller Homestead at Chappaqua Occupied by Miss. Eva Booth

PHOTOS BY STEINMETZ

Kaiser the Hack Horse that ran Away

meeting house on the main road. For two hundred years the good Quakers had met in the venerable edifice and communed in quiet, the men on one side and the women on the other, with only the songs of the birds on the trees outside to disturb their meditations. The wrath of generations of dead Quakers that had worshiped there arose in protest at this sacrilege which threatened to create a schism in the congregation, the older Quakers lining up against it and the younger ones in favor of the music. The latter finally prevailed upon their simple brethren to accept the innovation with good grace and a scandal was averted.

In a lapse from its normal pastoral mood the citizens of Chappaqua seven or eight years ago thought it would be becoming of their importance on the map to have a jail and a chief of police, although there really was no use for it. The village trustees were criticised as extravagant when they built a lockup for $90. The chief of police was placed on a commission basis. He resigned after several weeks of it, because there was nothing coming in and it was costing him something to maintain the dignity suddenly thrust upon him. The jail is there yet, but its locks are rusty and its rafters mantled with dust and cobwebs which the enterprising spiders have been weaving undisturbed ever since it was built.

Has Many Dogs.

Miss Booth chose Chappaqua as her home because of its peaceful environments and the gentle ways of its inhabitants.

Miss Booth comes to the city every morning to direct the great philanthropic work of which she is the head, and it is evening before she returns. But her dogs are there all the time, and the Quakers say they wish they were any place else in Westchester county, preferably Pleasantville, just below. There is a feeling of jealousy between Chappaqua and Pleasantville, and the citizens of the former take pleasure in shifting over to the latter whatever is disagreeable within their own precincts. There is a wide difference in the estimate of the number of dogs on Miss Booth's place. Some native statisticians say that they number as high as 60, while other contend that there are not more than 15 or 20. Most of them are collies—handsome, sleek looking canines, with fine, bushy hair.

The house occupied by the commander of the army is known as the Miller homestead. It is located on the main road to the west of the railroad track, where the land begins to rise toward Chappaqua mountain. It is a large, old-fashioned, three-story country house, with broad porches traversing the front of it and a large veranda extending across the rear hill, with sloping lawns spreading out in front of it, reaching down to the stone wall at the side of the road. To the east side, toward the railroad, is a large barn painted a dark red with green trimmings, in keeping with the homestead. Sixty-five acres go with the house, but Miss Booth makes little or no use of it. She thought it would be a good place for her dogs.

The approach of a passing wagon or lone pedestrian has been a signal for the dogs to charge down to the edge of the stone wall, the citizens of Chappaqua say. The horses of the village, like its inhabitants, are of a pensive, contemplative, quiet bent, sensitive to every jarring noise. They have formed an aversion to the Booth dogs, and the Booth dogs have no use for them.

Canines Cause Commotion.

Not until the dogs attempted to jump from the wall onto the backs of their beasts and cause them to run away, however, did the temper of the Chappaquans get riled. When the temper of the Chappaquans awakes to the aggressive stage it is an epoch in history, for the philosophy of the Quaker teaches him that nothing is gained by getting mad. Runaways are as rare as cuss words in Chappaqua. "Gene" Donahue, driver of one of the local hacks, who, although not a born Quaker, has acquired the quiet manners of the town folks in his long residence there, was driving Kaiser, the pet of the local hackneys, past the Booth house several days ago when a squad of the collies dashed down to the stone wall and began to snap and snarl at the horse.

Kaiser has been in service about Chappaqua for ten years and has a spotless reputation for sobriety of manner and freedom of guile. But the dogs plainly worried him. Donahue tried to drive them back with his whip, but it was of no avail. He had a woman passenger in his hack and he was alarmed for her safety. Tortured to the point of desperation, the horse suddenly bolted. Before Donahue could realize it, the poor beast was scampering along the road at breakneck speed, its tail tossing in the air with apprehension and its long ears taut and upright. Donahue is a skilled driver and it was all he could do to hold the distressed animal in check. Kaiser ran the fastest half mile ever recorded in Chappaqua.

"I'm madder th'n I ken tell," said Donahue on reaching the railroad station. "Durn ef I don't go an' see the squire about a warrant for them dogs. They're a gol durned nuisance."

The whole village was agitated over the incident. But the peace loving Quakers didn't want to see any scandal caused by the episode in which Kaiser made his record run. Peaceful methods to get rid of the nuisance, they argued, should be employed. Donahue did not apply for a warrant. Some think that it was because Miss Booth's forthcoming departure was announced. Apparently the latter learned of the antics of her collies, as for several weeks they have been kept more or less confined to the barn.

Because of the annoyance to which the residents say they have been subpected by the dogs it is said the owners of the house do not care to renew the lease on it after May 1, when it expires. Miss Booth has decided to move to New Rochelle, it was stated in Chappaqua yesterday. Miss Miller, one of the owners of the house, was there Friday last looking over the condition of the property.

Hyatt Crosson, who keeps a saddlery shop on the road opposite the Booth homestead, said:

"The dogs have never annoyed me. They are a quiet lot. Miss Booth has got rid of a great many of them and has nothing like sixty, or forty, or even twenty of them there. I was over to the house on Monday last and I saw only a few of the dogs. Miss Booth is to leave in May. I don't know why. She lives in the house with her two foster children, who address her as 'mother.' She has a man secretary, Mr. Griffin; Miss Page, a woman private secretary, a housekeeper, and a servant for general housework. She is a very fine woman. The people around here have exaggerated the number of her dogs."

Hackman Donahue contradicts Mr. Crosson and says there are more than twenty dogs on the property. He has counted them and knows what he is talking about, he says. Mr. Crosson says that many of the dogs were sent to Miss Booth by friends who asked her to keep them for her. They are valuable dogs, he adds, but she did not buy them.

On fine mornings Miss Booth goes horseback riding arrayed in a vivid red hunting jacket, which can be seen a great distance along the road, and is in marked contrast to the simple attire she wears on other occasions. The horse she rides is one of the handsomest animals in the country for miles around. It came from Canada, and is reported among the villagers to have cost $800.

Chappaqua has no dog license law, so that Miss Booth has to pay nothing to the village for the privilege of keeping her pets on the estate. When a reporter visited the place two of the dogs were hovering around the lawn in front. Another collie was pacing up and down the front stoop entrance, which was barred by a gate, and gave the impression of a lion strolling up and down in its cage. Chappaquans say the presence of the dogs gives to the house protection from tramps and thieves and renders it impenetrable to inquisitive visitors.

RESIGNATION ACCEPTED

Secretary of War Writes Major Gillette Accordingly.

Washington, March 2.—The President today decided to accept the resignation of Major Cassius Gillette, engineer corps, U. S. A., and the secretary of war accordingly has written Major Gillette a letter accepting his resignation. Major Gillette a few days ago was appointed superintendent of the Philadelphia filtration plant.

221 ABOARD; 215 PASSES

Now It's Different—Congressmen See Fit to Remain in Washington.

Washington, March 5.—As a result of the "no pass order" of the Pennsylvania and Baltimore & Ohio railroads, members of congress remain in Washington instead of going to their homes to spend Sunday.

When railroad passes were free for the asking, members of the house from Pennsylvania, Maryland, New Jersey, New York and other nearby states generally left the capital on Fridays, returning Monday morning. Now that they are compelled to pay their railroad fare they find it cheaper to stay here than to go home.

The elimination of the pass has resulted in cutting down the size of the trains out of the city on the Pennsylvania railroad. The favorite train of congressmen in the old days was the Congressional limited, which leaves here at 4 o'clock in the afternoon and arrives in Jersey City before 9 o'clock. It makes but three or four stops, and was generally well filled with the passholders. So great was the desire of passholders to ride on this train, which is an extra fare express, that it frequently left here in two or three sections.

The conductors would make their trips through and the invariable result was that more passes were collected than fares. It is related that on one day last year, just after the holiday recess, the Congressional limited first section started out of Washington with 221 passengers, and at Baltimore the conductor had 215 passes, two half fare tickets and four full fares. The Congressional limited now runs in but one section, and there is plenty of room on it.

The diminution of travel since the "no pass" order went into effect is shown on the midnight trains leaving on both the Pennsylvania and B. & O. roads. Because of the cheapness and ease with which trips to New York could be undertaken congressmen were accustomed to running over twice or three times a week.

DROPPING INTO TUNNEL

Chicago Buildings Sinking With Alarming Results.

Chicago, March 5.—Chicago is gradually dropping into the hole under the streets known as the Illinois Tunnel. The big Marshall Field store started down, and smashed the glass in two big show windows. The Reliance skyscraper, across the street, has settled until tenants are becoming frightened. The Pullman building has gone down so far that it is split from basement to the turret. The Field wholesale structure in Adams street has been sinking for months and is still going down. At twelve different street intersections there are depressions in the streets.

It is held possible by engineers that a short drop, such as might easily come beneath the corner of a steel bodied structure at any time, would result in so great a strain on the frame of the building as to cause it to fall. Serious consequences are feared should such an accident come with the building crowded with shoppers and employes.

The Union Loop manager has found traffic and the lives of passengers endangered because of sudden depression and twisting of the elevated structures. The ordinance requires the tunnel to be twenty-seven feet under the streets. The intervening twenty-seven feet is mostly mud.

TARIFF BILL IS KILLED

Senate Committee Refuses to Report on Philippine Measure

Washington, March 2.—The senate committee on the Philippines today refused to report the Philippine tariff bill. By a vote of 8 to 5, the committee voted against a favorable report, and by a vote of 7 to 6, refused to report the bill adversely for consideration of the senate. This effectually disposes of the measure.

FOUNDER OF IOWA'S CAPITAL DEAD.

St. Louis, March 5.—Dr. W. T. Campbell, who, with his father and three brothers, founded Des Moines, Iowa, died in St. Louis yesterday at the age of 86 years. They established a small trading post on what was known as Raccoon Ridge, and which eventually became Des Moines. The home of the Campbells was on the spot where the capitol of Iowa now stands.

GEN. GUERRA IS PARDONED

President Castro Releases Several Political Prisoners.

Caracas, Venezuela, March 5.—President Castro has released General Ramon Guerra and several other political prisoners. The president has gone to Maracay.

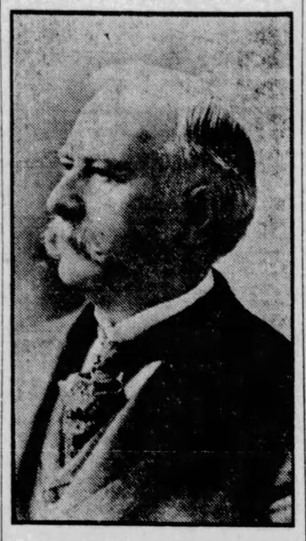
General Guerra, who was formerly minister of war, was imprisoned by President Castro in November, 1901, because of his alleged participation in a conspiracy against Castro.

THREE RAILROAD EVILS

Senator Foraker Declares Himself on Rate Bill.

Washington, Feb. 28.—Senator Foraker spoke in the senate today against the new proposed rate bill, strongly supporting the present laws and scoring those who have not enforced them.

Mr. Foraker conceded that some evils exist in connection with the railroads, but urged that all of them could



SENATOR J. B. FORAKER.

be more effectively met by amending the Elkins law than by passing the pending bill. He announced his regret at differing from the President, but said he could not see his way clear to pursue any other course.

History of Railroad Development.

He gave a general review of the history of the railroad development of the country and passed to the consideration of the evils of the system, which he said are necessarily incident to the upbuilding of so vast an interest. His attitude towards the pending railroad rate bill was correctly outlined in his first paragraph, in which he said of the bill: "It is so contrary to the spirit of our institutions and of such drastic and revolutionary character that, if not in its immediate effect at least as a precedent, the consequences are likely to be most unusual and far reaching."

He discussed the railroad evils as of three classes—excessive rates, rebates and discriminations.

He found little to complain of under the first heading, but said there are some instances of charges that are too high, and he thought a prompt and effective remedy should be provided.

Rebating the Serious Evil.

A more serious evil he found in rebates, and he traced the present extensive railroad consolidations to the fact that the supreme court decisions against pooling had left the roads without protection from the rebate system except to resort to some general understanding. Referring to the Elkins law, he said:

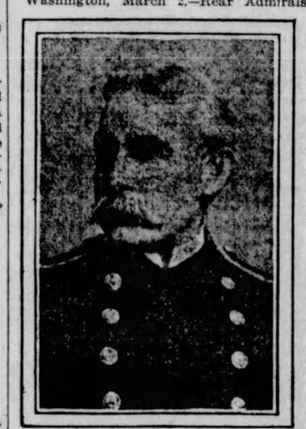
"There has been no serious attempt to enforce this law to prevent discriminations as to localities, but a glance at its provisions will suffice to show that it is as broad, direct, explicit and efficient to remedy that kind of an evil, wherever it may exist, as it has been found to be as to personal discriminations. That the law has not been tested in this respect is not due to any fault of the law, but because no one has seen fit to invoke it."

"The fault," he added, "is not with the existing law, but with the officials who have not enforced it."

ADMIRALS ARE CHEATED

Leap Year Birthdays of Rear Admirals Chester and Chadwick.

Washington, March 2.—Rear Admirals



Rear Admiral Chester U.S.N.

Colby, Mitchell, Chester and French Ensor Chadwick, who retired from active service Wednesday, were cheated of one day's pay for active service because they were unfortunate enough to have been born on February 29, a date that comes not oftener than once in four years and sometimes not so often as that.

ANOTHER TERM FOR BREWER

Washington, March 5.—The President today sent to the senate the nomination of Murray P. Brewer to be postmaster at Bowling Green, Ohio.

PHILIPPINE ELECTIONS

No Disorder and Only Three Charges of Bribery.

Washington, March 2.—Governor General Ide has cabled the war department from Manila an account of the outcome of the Philippine elections. These provincial elections being in a way aducational for the Filipinos, who are unused to suffrage in any form, the results are watched with the keenest interest by the war department.

The text of Governor Ide's dispatch follows: "Provincial elections satisfactory. Not a single instance of disorder, although many ballots were required to elect in numerous instances. Have confirmed all elected except three suspended pending investigation charged with bribery.

FIRST TIME SINCE 1904

Treasury Statement Showed Receipts More Than Expenditures.

Washington, March 1.—For the first time since May 1, 1904, when the government made its payment of $50,000,000 for the Panama property, and $4,600,000 loaned to the Louisiana Purchase Exposition company, the daily statement issued yesterday shows, for the fiscal year, a surplus of receipts over expenditures. The surplus amounts to $1,102,008.

This is regarded by the treasury officials as a remarkably fine showing, especially in view of the fact that the expenditures since July 1 last on account of public works exceeded those for the corresponding period last year by nearly $12,000,000. A very large part of this sum was paid out for Panama canal construction.

AMERICAN PROPERTY SAFE

American Consul at Shanghai Cables State Department.

Washington, March 1.—Mr. Rogers, the American consul-general at Shanghai, in a cablegram to the state department received today says:

"Definitely known American property Nanchank safe, refugees Kiukiang."

Sir Chentung Liang Cheng, the Chinese minister, was among the early callers at Secretary Root's weekly diplomatic reception today. The minister said the agitation meetings were subsiding, and the situation in that section was distinctly better.

MORE PENNIES AND NICKELS

Washington, March 5.—The house today passed a bill increasing the appropriation from $50,000 to $200,000 for the purchase of metals for pennies and nickels, and providing that these coins shall be made in the Denver, San Francisco, New Orleans and Philadelphia mints, instead of as now, exclusively in Philadelphia mint.

THE WEEK IN CONGRESS

Washington, Feb. 27.—Senate.—The senate today agreed to vote on the statehood bill Friday, March 9. Mr. Hopkins made a speech in support of the measure. The remainder of the day was devoted to a discussion of the bill providing for the settlement of the affairs of the five civilized tribes of Indians, the greater part of the time being given to the provision for the disposal of the coal lands in Indian Territory. A bill was passed extending the time allowed to the Kensington & Eastern Railroad company for the construction of a bridge across the Calumet river in Illinois.

House.—Military matters held the attention of the house, the army appropriation bill being under consideration for amendment. That Generals Corbin and MacArthur might become lieutenant generals the provision abolishing that rank was eliminated. Only eight of the fifty pages of the bill was passed upon. The Dalzell bill chartering the Lake Erie and Ohio Ship Canal company, with an authorized capital of $60,000, was passed. A resolution of inquiry aimed at the state department was ordered canceled and destroyed, as Mr. Van Duzer (Nevada), by whom it was purported to have been introduced, repudiated it.

Washington, Feb. 28.—Senate.—Senator Foraker's speech opposing railway rate legislation occupied three hours of the session of the senate today. A further discussion of the railroad land grant in Indian Territory followed, with the result that a resolution was passed extending the tribal government of the five civilized tribes until March 4, 1907. An executive session was had at 4:15 p. m., but the doors were reopened ten minutes later and the remainder of the day was devoted to the passage of private pension bills.

House.—The army appropriation occupied the attention of the house, but its consideration was not completed. The discussion was marked by a controversy between the members of the appropriations and military committees over the amounts carried in the bill, and honors were about evenly divided. A proposed amendment to pay $5,000 each to the widows of two San Francisco firemen who lost their lives in the recent fire on the transport Meade was ruled out on a point of order. Provision for more than 300 clerks employed in the staff and at army division headquarters also went out when it was shown that there was no authority in law for their employment. A resolution was adopted calling on the postmaster general for all information on which he based his order withholding the rights and privileges of the mails from the People's United States Bank of St. Louis.

Washington, March 1.—Senate.—The discussion of the railroad rate question was continued in the senate today by Mr. Dolliver, who spoke in support of the Dolliver-Hepburn bill. The remainder of the session was devoted to the bill providing for the settlement of the affairs of the five civilized tribes of Indians after the termination of their tribal relations. No action was taken.

House.—The house today passed the army appropriation bill, carrying about $69,000,000. Provision for a cable ship for the Atlantic coast and for a ship for mine planting on the Pacific were eliminated on points of order. The powder trust came in for an attack in the debate, and an attempt by Democrats to have the government begin the manufacture of its own powder consumed considerable time, but met with defeat. The Foraker bill providing for the marking of the graves of Confederate dead in the north was passed unanimously. The senate joint resolution continuing the tribal government of the five civilized tribes of Indians in Indian Territory until their property shall have been disposed of was agreed to.

Washington, March 2.—Senate.—The senate today passed the bill providing for the settlement of the affairs of the five civilized tribes of Indians. Under the guise of considering the measure, practically the entire session was given over to a discussion of the railroad question, raised by Mr. La Follette's proposed amendment to the Indian bill prohibiting railroad companies and their stockholders from acquiring the coal lands in the territory. This amendment, together with all the Indian committee's amendments, was laid on the table. At 5:32 p. m. the senate went into executive session and a 5:40 adjourned until Monday.

House.—The first private claims session of this congress occupied the house today, twenty-five bills being passed, all for small amounts. Opposition to many of the measures accounted for the small number put through. Five which were reported favorably by the committee went over because there was no quorum at 5:30 p. m, when the house adjourned until Monday.

Washington, March 5.—Senate.—Numerous bills on the calendar were passed, among them being one appropriating $100,000 to pay the expenses of the delegates to the third annual conference of American states, one providing for compulsory education in the District of Columbia and another regulating the selection of officers in the revenue cutter service. Senator Knox submitted extracts from the railroad laws of several states. At 3:30 o'clock the statehood bill was taken up and read and then Mr. Nelson resumed his discussion of the measure.

House.—Legislation by unanimous consent under suspension of the rules enabled the house to pass several bills of considerable importance. A resolution of inquiry as to whether any criminal prosecutions have been inaugurated in the Northern Securities case was adopted after some heated debate. Mr. Shackelford, of Missouri, attacked the concentration of power in the hands of the speaker in a speech on a bridge bill. The senate measure providing for a delegate to congress from Alaska was passed. A bill providing for the expenditure of $200,000 instead of $50,000 for the purchase of metal for nickels and pennies and providing for the minting of these coins at Denver, New Orleans and San Francisco was passed.

Smallest and Oldest Republic Recognized by United States

Washington, March 3.—The greatest republic in the world has just signed a treaty with the smallest republic and by this action has recognized the latter's independence and sovereignity. The little country with which the United States has entered into diplomatic relations is the miniature state of San Marino, which has an area of 38 square miles and a population of 8,000 men, women and children.

Nine people out of ten do not know where San Marino is, and have no idea of the history of this the oldest republic in the world, or the effect it has had upon present day civilization. It lies in that part of Italy which was exposed peculiarly to the bloody, devastating wars of the middle ages and to the horors of political revolutions, which at last brought about the unification of the Italian kingdom. But San Marino, stanchly determining to preserve its autonomy, succeeded in repelling invaders, not alone through the courage of its inhabitants, but because of its strong natural defenses, its fortunate political combinations, its restricted territory, and the absence of ambition on the part of its people to enlarge the area of their land.

Safe Haven for Criminals.

It is with this state that the United States has found it necessary to negotiate a treaty. It was found that criminals were seeking refuge within its boundaries. It has been the haven of fugitives for fifteen generations. With all other European countries the United States has extradition treaties, and could demand the apprehension and extradition of men fleeing from justice. Once within the confines of San Marino, however, their arrest was impossible.

San Marino, in spite of its 38 square miles and 8,000 inhabitants, is as lordly in the assertion of its sovereignty as is the United States, with its 3,600,000 square miles and its 80,000,000 inhabitants. There was only one way to end San Marino's service to American criminals, and that was by negotiating a treaty of extradition. Accordingly Secretary Root instructed Ambassador White to enter into relations with the government of San Marino, so that the little country was honored by having accredited to it a diplomat of ambassadorial rank. Ambassadors are reserved only for the great powers of the earth.

Mr. White entered into relations with San Marino with as much respect as he did when he presented his credentials to to the king of Italy. He notified the San Marino government, which consists of sixty persons, having the title of councillors, that the secretary of state of the United States had insructed him to request it to enter into negotiations for the conclusion of a treaty of extradition.

Evades Incurring Any Expense.

San Marino offered no objection to the principle, but insisted upon the incorporation of provisions in the treaty for the protection of its citizens and interests. For instance, there was the question of expense involved in the extradition of criminals. The total receipts of the republic amount to $21,000, not enough to run one of the least important offices of the city of Chicago. This government obligingly met San Marino's wishes and agreed to insert an article in the convention, by which the expenses of arrest, detention, examination, and delivery of the fugitive (San Marino covered every phase of the proceedings in order to escape any possible outlay) should be borne by the state in whose name the extradition was sought.

Political Fugitives Exempted.

San Marino is as firmly opposed to the surrender of persons guilty of political crimes as is the United States, and the treaty expressly provides that persons extradited under the convention shall not be tried, punished nor given up to a third power for political crime or offense. After the assassination of President McKinley all extradition treaties negotiated by the United States contained an identical clause providing for the extradition of any person killing the head of a state, and most of them were ratified, but when the treaty with Spain was considered the senate withheld its consent. In the treaty with San Marino no such provision is included.

So far as its republicanism and laws are concerned, San Marino can give points to the United States. It was founded in the early days of the fourth century, while imperial Rome continued its persecution of Christians. A poor stone cutter named Marinus, who beecame converted to the new faith and who was venomously pursued by his pagan oppressors, sought refuge upon Mount Titanus, in the mountain range known as the Apennines. He established there a Christian hermitage, and towards it as a haven flocked the faithful.

Its fame soon spread, and even sailors who had embraced the mysterious new faith would turn towards it in moments of danger and vow to make a pilgrimage to it in case of escape.

History of Smallest Republic.

Tradition and history have deified the ignorant stone cutter. The people find in his prudence, industry, honesty, religious life, and intense love of liberty a constant source of emulation, and their possession of these qualities has gained for them the respect of all with whom they have come in contact. They proclaimed themselves a republic in 1391, though they had lived under republican principles for ten centuries. They took part in the renaissance which swept over Europe, giving birth to splendid manifestations in the world of letters and art, and then fell into a general lethargy, so one of their historians called attention to the fact that "negligence in the administration of justice and want of energy in the government weaned the citizens from love of country; the patriotic fasces were loosened, the council without force, reformers of laws without energy and patriotism."

Fortunately for the republic it was afflicted in 1592 by a terrible famine, and in the presence of this danger the spirit of republican fraternity revived. The rich gave of their possessions to the poor, citizens encouraged the magistrates to do their duty, and it was not long before the old virtues and noble passions, which had produced prosperity and happiness for the people were revived.

When Napoleon had Italy under his heel he sought to terrify the kingly houses of Europe by sending a special envoy to San Marino to recognize the independence of that republic and offer to it his sincere friendship; and when he became emperor and no longer professed admiration for republics, he refused to permit the conquest of the little country, saying: "In faith, we must preserve San Marino as a sample of a republic."

Little Nation Wisely Governed.

San Marino has long had the laws which the United States is now trying to secure. The sale of secret remedies and the adulteration of prescriptions are severely punished. Consequently there is no chance for patent medicines or certain "pure" food products. The republic has no national debt. Its finances are managed upon an equitable system of a division of the public expenses among all the citizens according to their fortune and resources.

The basis of the government is that of a Christian family, and as the population increased it was found necessary to intrust the authority to a council of sixty members elected by all the citizens. As this body has been constantly in touch with the people it was able to form and to develop a democratic organization. To prevent the usurpation of power by an ambitious man the people confide to two men for a period of six months the exercise of executive power. These men enjoy the title of captains-regent; one represents the agricultural population, the other the inhabitants of the three cities.

The state has no railways, so it does not suffer from rebates or discriminations and does not seek wealth. It could have received millions of dollars had it agreed to permit the establishment of gambling houses within its boundaries, as at Monaco, which is the site of Monte Carlo; but the captains-regent refused, and in their refusal they were sustained by the people.

GAS WELL STILL ROARS

Flames Forced 150 Feet Into Air—Visible 40 Miles.

Caney, Kas., March 5.—The great gas well, five miles from here, in the Indian Territory, that has been burning since February 23, when it was struck by lightning, continued to roar today with unabated fury. The flames, forced 150 feet into the air, were visible forty miles away last night.

The fire probably is one of the worst of its kind gas men have ever had to combat. An attempt to extinguish the flames with steam having failed, an effort to drop an immense iron cap over the well was made but without success. This cap, weighing 3,000 pounds, was turned to a white heat when within twenty feet of the well.

GEN. SCHOFIELD IS DEAD

Former Head of Army Passes Away in Florida.

St. Augustine, Fla., March 5.—Lieutenant General John M. Schofield, U. S. A., retired, former head of the army, died at 8:20 o'clock last night. He was attacked yesterday morning with cerebral hemorrhage. His wife and young daughter were with him.

The funeral services will be held at the residence in time for the body to leave on a train for Washington tomorrow afternoon at 3:55 o'clock.

Washington, March 5.—General John M. Schofield, who died last night at St. Augustine, Fla., was secretary of war during 1868-69 and his career was marked by a continuous service in the army from the time he entered West Point in 1849 until he retired, September 29, 1895, with the rank of lieutenant general, the highest military honor then permitted by law of congress. His command of the army extended from 1888 to 1895.

Since his retirement from the army he has made frequent visits to Washington, though he made a practice each year to spend his winter in Florida, and the summer in the east. He was a member of the Loyal Legion and for two terms was its commander-in-chief. He was 74 years of age.

MAKE NICK FEEL GOOD.

Washington, March 5.—The house committee on claims signalized the return of Representative Longworth to the house today by agreeing to report favorably a bill he introduced for the payment to the heirs of M. A. Phelps and John W. Renner of $450 paid by misapprehension to the assistant treasurer of the United States at Cincinnati, O.

800 Kansas Bob Whites Released Near Baltimore

Baltimore, March 5.—A remarkable instance of live game transportation has just been successfully carried out by the safe arrival here of over 800 quail which were captured at Wichita, Kan., recently and shipped east by express. The birds were apparently in good condition on their arrival and only one out of the total of 804 had died en route. The money to be used in purchasing and transporting the quail was subscribed to the Bob White fund which was started here last fall with the idea of raising money to restock the woods of Baltimore county with quail.

About $800 was contributed, and it is figured that when the birds are finally turned out into the woods they will have cost 90 cents each. Five large crates were needed to transport the quail and each crate was divided into five sections, which contained thirty-six birds each. These sections are provided with cloth tops, so that the birds do not injure themselves when attempting to fly. A roof of burlap covers the crate and a flap of the same material hangs over the front. This possesses the double virtue of excluding icy blasts and at the same time creating a semi-darkness in the cage which is conducive to quietness among the inmates.

In front of each section or "door" of the crates are fastened eating and drinking cups. They have an appearance very much the same as little fire-escape balconies on miniature apartment houses, and nearby is a sign making an appeal for human attention during the journey. It reads:

"Please water us here.

"We have been caught and shipped from Wichita, Kan., so take good care of us. When we are liberated we will take care of ourselves."

The distribution of the game birds will commence immediately and consignments will be sent by the committee to all parts of Baltimore county. Henry Malcolm, a well known sportsman here, who has made a study of the habits of quail, recommends the following treatment upon the liberation of the birds:

"Let each man take his birds home quietly and do nothing to disturb or scare them. Then, let him choose a quiet place near a branch and a thicket, and, after spreading some grain on the ground near the box, tie a string to the cover, and, after walking some distance away, pull the top off and let the birds alone. They will then come out, but will remain around the box for several days. I have set the birds out a number of times, and have known them to remain about the box for two weeks. This weather is not too severe to release them. The winters in Kansas are very hard, and the birds will probably think this is summer time and begin shedding at once. The birds will take care of themselves after a few days."

A Test Will Tell

What Liquozone Can Do for You--and It Is Free.

You who are waiting—we ask you again to try Liquozone; to try it at our expense. You'll regret this delay when you learn what the product means to you.

Do as millions have done—stop doubting; give Liquozone a test. Then judge it by results. Germ diseases—and there are scores of them—call for a germicide. Those are the diseases to which Liquozone best applies. Don't cling blindly to old-time remedies, if you don't find them effective. Let us prove the power of the new.

What Liquozone Is.

The virtues of Liquozone are derived solely from gases, by a process requiring large apparatus, and from 8 to 14 days' time. No alcohol, no narcotics are in it. Chemists of the highest class direct the making. The result is to obtain from these harmless gases a powerful tonic-germicide.

The great value of Liquozone lies in the fact that it is deadly to germs, yet harmless to you. Germs are of vegetable origin; and this gas-made product, when absorbed by them, stops their activities. We publish an offer of $1,000 for a disease germ that it cannot kill. But to the body Liquozone is exhilarating, vitalizing, purifying. It is helpful in the extreme.

That is its main distinction. Common germicides are poisons when taken internally. That is why medicine proves so nearly helpless in a germ disease. Liquozone is a tonic.

We Paid $100,000

For the American rights to Liquozone, after hundreds of tests had been made with it. After its power had been demonstrated, again and again, in the most difficult germ diseases. Then we spent, in two years, more than ten times that sum to let others test it at our expense. The result is that millions of people, scattered everywhere, have shared in the benefits of this invention.

We make the same offer to you. We ask you to prove, at our cost, how much this product means to you. Let Liquozone itself show how wrong it is to suffer from a trouble that it cures.

Germ Diseases.

Most of our sickness has, in late years, been traced to germ attacks. The list of known germ diseases now numbers about one hundred.

Some germs—as in skin troubles—directly attack the tissues. Some create toxins, causing such troubles as Rheumatism, Blood Poison, Kidney Disease and nerve weakness. Some destroy vital organs, as in Consumption. Some—like the germs of Catarrh—create inflammation; some cause indigestion. Directly or indirectly, nearly every serious ailment is a germ result. Such diseases call for Liquozone—not drugs, which can't kill germs.

Every germ attack, no matter what its symptoms, calls for a germicide. The mildness of Liquozone makes some of its results seem almost incredible. But in that mildness lies the power that germ diseases need. And diseases which have resisted medicine for years often yield at once to it.

50c. Bottle Free.

If you need Liquozone, and have never tried it, please send us this coupon. We will then mail you an order on a local druggist for a full-size bottle, and will pay the druggist ourselves for it. This is our free gift, made to convince you; to let the product itself show you what it can do. In justice to yourself, please accept it today, for it places you under no obligations whatever.

Liquozone costs 50c and $1.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON

Fill it out and mail it to The Liquozone Company, 458-464 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

My disease is.....

I have never tried Liquozone, but if you will supply me a 50c bottle free I will take it.

.....

.....

.....

W-307 D Give full address—write plainly.

Note that this offer applies to new users only.

Any physician or hospital not yet using Liquozone will be gladly supplied for a test.

PISO'S CURE FOR 25 CTS. CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

31 Boxes of Gold

300 Boxes of Greenbacks

For the most words made up from these letters

Y-I-O-Grape-Nuts

331 people will earn these prizes.

Around the fireside or about the well lighted family reading table during the winter evenings the children and grown-ups can play with their wits and see how many words can be made.

20 people making the greatest number of words will each receive a little box containing a $10.00 gold piece.

10 people will each win one box containing a $5.00 gold piece.

300 people will each win a box containing $1.00 in paper money, and one person who makes the highest number of words over all contestants will receive a box containing $100.00 in gold.

It is really a most fascinating bit of fun to take up the list evening after evening and see how many words can be added.

A few rules are necessary for absolute fair play.

Any word authorized by Webster's dictionary will be counted, but no name of person. Both the singular and plural can be used, as for instance "grape" and "grapes."

The letters in "Y-I-O-Grape-Nuts" may be repeated in the same word.

Geographical names authorized by Webster will be counted.

Arrange the words in alphabetical classes, all those beginning with A together and those beginning with E to come under E, etc.

When you are writing down the words leave some spaces, in the A, E, and other columns to fill in later as new words come to you, for they will spring into mind every evening.

It is almost certain that some contestants will tie with others. In such cases a prize identical in value and character with that offered in that class shall be awarded to each. Each one will be requested to send with the list of words a plainly written letter describing the advantages of Grape-Nuts, but the contestant is not required to purchase a pkg. These letters are not to contain poetry, or fancy flourishes, but simple, truthful statements of fact. For illustration: A person may have experienced some incipient or chronic ails traceable to unwise selection of food that failed to give the body and brain the energy, health and power desired. Seeking better conditions a change in food is made and Grape-Nuts and cream used in place of the former diet. Suppose one quits the meat, fried potatoes, starchy, sticky messes of half-cooked oats or wheat and cuts out the coffee. Try, say, for breakfast a bit of fruit, a dish of Grape-Nuts and cream, two soft boiled eggs, a slice of hard toast and a cup of Postum Food Coffee. Some amateur says: "A man would faint away on that," but, my dear friend, we will put dollars to your pennies that the noon hour will find a man on our breakfast huskier and with a stronger heart-beat and clearer working brain than he ever had on the old diet.

Suppose, if you have never really made a move for absolutely clean health that pushes you along each day with a spring in your step and a reserve vigor in muscle and brain that makes the doing of things a pleasure, you join the army of "plain old common sense" and start in now. Then after you have been 2 or 3 weeks on the Grape-Nuts training you write a statement of how you used to be and how you are now. The simple facts will interest others and surprise yourself. We never publish names, except on permission, but we often tell the facts in the newspapers and when requested give the names by private letter.

There is plenty of time to get personal experience with Grape-Nuts and write a sensible, truthful letter to be sent in with the list of words, as the contest does not close until April 30th, 1906. So start in as soon as you like to building words, and start in using Grape-Nuts. Cut this statement out and keep the letters Y-I-O-Grape-Nuts before you and when you write your letter you will have some reason to write on the subject "Why I Owe-Grape-Nuts."

Remember 331 persons will win prizes, which will be awarded in an exact and just manner as soon as the list can be counted after April 30th, 1906. Every contestant will be sent a printed list of names and addresses of winners on application, in order to have proof that the prizes are sent as agreed. The company is well known all over the world for absolute fidelity to its agreements and every single one of the 331 winners may depend on receiving the prize won.

Many persons might feel it useless to contest, but when one remembers the great number of prizes—(331)—the curiosity of seeing how many words can really be made up evening after evening and the good, natural fun and education in the competition, it seems worth the trial; there is no cost, nothing to lose and a fine opportunity to win one of the many boxes of gold or greenbacks.

We make the prediction that some who win a prize of gold or greenbacks will also win back health and strength worth more to them than a wagon full of money prizes.

There are no preliminaries, cut out this statement and go at it, and send in the list and letter before April 30th, 1906, to Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., and let your name and address be plainly written.

ONE MAN FINED $200

Fourteen Men and Boys Up for Rioting.

Springfield, O., March 5.—Companies A, B, C and I, Columbus, Fourth infantry; D, Urbana, Third; I, Xenia, Third, and B and E, Springfield, Third, were withdrawn from the city this morning. The Columbus soldiers left here at 11:30 a. m. on a special train. The cost to the state of the militia here is estimated at $10,000.

In police court 14 men and boys were arraigned this morning for rioting.

Frank Sprague, of West Jefferson, was fined $200 and costs in police court this morning, just for carrying a big gun. He is one of a party of four that came here yesterday on an excursion.

Peter Powers, a saloon man, was fined $100 and costs for violating the mayor's proclamation to keep saloons closed.

Judge Miller reserved decision until this afternoon on the contention of the police prosecutor, John M. Cole, that all rioters should be tried together, instead of separately.

Twenty prominent citizens who had been summoned to act as jurymen were on hand for duty when court opened. A big crowd which came to hear the proceedings was excluded from the room. After the departure of the soldiers at noon the saloons were permitted to open.

The property loss by the riots is estimated at $12,000. It is expected that the city council will be asked at its meeting tonight to nearly double the size of the police force.

24 DEAD; 46 INJURED

Property Loss at Meridian, Miss., Was $1,250,000.

Meridian, Miss., March 5. — The revised list of dead and injured as the result of the tornado, which swept through this city Friday evening, shows a total of 24 dead and 46 injured, a number of whom are not expected to live. No additional deaths have been reported since Saturday night.

The property loss has been semi-officially reported at $1,250,000. Of the sufferers from the tornado, only five carried tornado insurance, amounting to $67,000.

Work of relief is continued and hundreds of mechanics are now here rebuilding.

At the meeting of the relief committee, after a heated discussion, it was decided not to appeal for aid, but it was stated that the city would not refuse proferred assistance. The fund raised by the city here has reached $10,000, and from this amount the homeless and needy are being given aid. The $5,000 which was appropriated by the Mississippi legislature is being held in reserve.

"WOULD DIE SMILING"

Lieut. Schmidt Has Been Pardoned by Emperor.

Odessa, March 5. — It is announced from St. Petersburg that Emperor Nicholas has pardoned ex-Lieutenant Schmidt, who commanded the Russian cruiser Otchakoff during the mutiny at Sebastopol, and who was recently sentenced to death by a court-martial.

Addressing the court before sentence was passed upon him, Lieutenant Schmidt said:

"I will believe that my pillory will be the frontier post separating old Slavish Russia from new free Russia. If I could buy Russian freedom with the most terrible death, I would die smiling."

MUTUAL SUES M'CURDYS

Suits Instituted Upon Advice of Joseph H. Choate.

New York, March 2.—Suits already have been instituted by the trustees of the Mutual Life Insurance company against former President Richard A. McCurdy, former general manager; Robert H. McCurdy and the firm of Charles H. Raymond & Co., formerly general agents of the Mutual, according to an announcement made by the board of trustees yesterday afternoon.

These suits were begun some time ago upon the advice of Joseph R. Choate. Mr. Choate had been retained by the trustees to investigate and determine whether there was ground upon which the company could bring suits against these former officers to recover some of the amounts which have been paid them by the Mutual. Mr. Choate's formal report was not made to the trustees until yesterday, but the suits were begun upon a preliminary expression of his views made by Mr. Choate before the completion of his formal opinion.

C. A. Tribaud, son-in-law of former President McCurdy, is a member of the firm of Charles H. Raymond & Co. Robert H. McCurdy is former President McCurdy's son.

FOR CONSUL AT SHANGHAI

La Follette's Enemy Favored for the Position by Senators.

Washington, March 2.—Amos P. Wilder, editor of the Wisconsin State Journal, published at Madison, was recommended for confirmation as consul to Shanghai by the senate committee on commerce yesterday afternoon, against the earnest protest of Senator La Follette.

Mr. La Follette said Wilder was his bitterest political enemy in Wisconsin and also questioned Wilder's capacity to fill the place.

Senator Spooner, who secured Wilder's appointment, appeared in the committee room just as La Follette left and urged favorable action.

The Democrats on the committee, regarding it as a family quarrel in which they had no part, held aloof, but the Republicans voted solidly in favor of confirmation.

In explanation of the failure to show Senator La Follette consideration it subsequently was explained that Wilder's appointment had been arranged for before the junior senator from Wisconsin took his seat in the senate.

Are You a Man

My Dear Brother: Are you the strong and kingly man you ought and want to be, or have the reckless acts of by-gone days brought loss of strength and thrown your nervous system out of tune? Do advancing years make work go hard; and are you lost to men's delights because of lack of vim and vigor? Then use my

Beck's Wonder-Workers for Men

The same Wonder-Workers, advertised in the same papers, and sold by the same man from the same place for 8 years, during which scores of medical frauds have busted or gone to jail. My Wonder-Workers do not contain any poison, and they do not excite. They build up, strengthen, cure. Their use, one tablet at a dose, three times a day, cured over 600,000 cases of Weak Back, Exhausting Drains, Varicocele, Low Vitality, Weak Organs, Nervous Debility, Lost Ambition and Kidney and Bladder Troubles in Men of All Ages during the past 8 years easier, quicker and cheaper than they could have been cured in any other way; and on my honor as a man I tell you that you can be a man of vim and vigor if you, too, use

Beck's Wonder-Workers for Men

Be a strong, peerless, fearless, nervy, manly man, and hold high carnival with perfect health. The price is Only One Dollar per box, always cash with order, by express at your expense, or $1.15 by mail in plain, sealed package prepaid. If you order please mention this paper. Give men a square deal and am your friend.

GEO. S. BECK, 18 Main St., Springfield, O

The use of

ROYAL

Baking Powder

is a

guarantee of

wholesome food.

It is unwise,

if not

dangerous,

to take chances

with

other powders.

TREES AS A MONUMENT

Former Governor Hogg Makes Request on Eve of Death.

Austin, Texas, March 5.—The body of former Governor Hogg arrived yesterday afternoon from Houston, accompanied by his children, a delegation from the Houston Bar association and union labor organizations. Thousands met the party at the station and acted as an honorary guard and escorted the body to the state house, where it will lie in state until today.

It was learned yesterday that Governor Hogg, on the eve of his death, talked of the monument he wished when he died.

"I want no monument of stone," he said, "but let my children plant at the head of my grave a pecan tree and at the foot of my grave a walnut tree, and when these trees shall bear, let the pecans and the walnuts be given out among the plain people of Texas, so that they may plant them and make Texas a land of trees."

SWALLOWED UP BY LAKE

Village in Italy Destroyed—1,000 Inhabitants Escaped.

Rome, March 5.—The village of Tavernola, built on the perpendicular cliffs above Lake Iseo, in the province of Brescia, was almost entirely destroyed yesterday morning by the rocks suddenly giving away, apparently because the lake had eaten into the base of the cliffs.

The disaster was preceded by a loud roaring sound which alarmed the 1,000 inhabitants, in time to make their escape. One fisherman was killed. About two hundred feet of rock and the houses on it were swallowed up by the lake.

UPRISING SUPPRESSED

Severe Fighting Reported Near Ipek.

London, March 5.—The correspondent at Constantinople of the Daily Telegraph reports severe fighting in the neighborhood of Ipek, in the villayet of Kossovo, where eight Turkish battalions suppressed an Albanian uprising. Four battalions dispersed 3,000 Albanians at Dobroshevske, near Mitrovitza.

ROBBERIES IN FINLAND

Daring Men Terrorizing the Population.

Helsingfors, Finland, March 4.—Daring robberies, which are being committed in Finland, are terrorizing the population. They are attributed mainly to Letts and Esthonians, who fled from the Baltic provinces; but the alarming feature is the Social Democrats, who are strong in the Grand Duchy, and are sympathizing with and showing a disposition toward making common cause with the revolutionists across the gulf.

ODESSA HAS AWAKENED

Unsuccessful Attempt Made on Life of Governor General.

Odessa, March 3.—An unsuccessful attempt was made on the life of Governor-General Kaulbars yesterday. Renewed revolutionary activity is noticeable and serious disorders are expected about Easter.

CONTRACTOR BEATS GOULD

Secures Verdict for $67,000—Sued for $120,000.

Mineola, L. I., March 3.—A verdict for $65,000, with $2,000 added for counsel fees, was rendered against Howard Gould here yesterday afternoon, in the suit brought by Henry Murdock, a contractor and builder of New York, to recover commissions on a contract in connection with "Castle Gould," at Sands Point, L. I. Mr. Murdock sued for $120,000.

CAPITAL CITY IS BURNED

Tacloban Suffers a Loss by Fire of $600,000.

Manila, March 5.—Tacloban, capital of the Island of Leyte, has been destroyed by fire. The financial loss is reported to be $600,000. Tacloban was the fifth city of the island and was situated in an important hemp district. A number of warehouses were destroyed.

Government assistance will be rushed.

NO SETTLEMENT IN SIGHT

Struggle at Algeciras Will Probably Last Until End of March.

Algeciras, Spain, March 1.—The result of the last forty-eight hours' negotiations is another check threatening to prolong the Moroccan conference. The Germans, after reflections, wish the diplomatic corps at Tangier to exercise surveillance over the state bank, thus preventing its use for further French political designs. The French resist this, claiming that Germany is chiefly occupied in minimizing French influence in Morocco. The delegates now talk of the struggle being prolonged to the latter part of March.

AGAINST EUCHRE PLAYING

Kentucky Grand Jury Denounces Game as Gambling.

Cynthiana, Ky., March 5.—The players of progressive euchre are common gamblers, according to the report of the grand jury in the Harrison county circuit court, and their indictment is demanded. The action has startled society here, for progressive euchre has been the rage this winter. In urging a thorough investigation, the grand jury report says: "Progressive euchre is made alluring by prizes, refreshments and the knowledge that the papers will print the names of the guests and winners of prizes. All are common gamblers and deserve to be fined."

REVOLUTION IS BALKED

Uruguay Government Arrests the Plotters.

Montevideo, Uruguay, March 5.—Learning that plans for a revolutionary movement were in progress, the government has raided the opposition clubs, arrested the plotters and instituted a censorship on telegraphic dispatches. The government will present a statement of its action to parliament. There has been no disturbance here, and order is being maintained throughout the country.

Buenos Ayres, March 5.—In consequence of a most vigorous censorship, it is impossible to obtain information as to the exact situation in Uruguay. Assurance is given, however, that the steps taken by the Uruguayan government were effectually preventive and that any revolutionary movement will fail.

WHY JAPS ARE SHORT MEN

Custom of Turning Under Feet While Sitting Is Responsible.

New York, March 2.—Custom is responsible for the comparatively small stature of the Japanese race, is the opinion of Sadazuchi Uchida, Japanese consul in New York. Fashion ruled about three hundred years ago that in sitting upon a mat one's foot must be crossed beneath and behind the body instead of being crossed in front of the body, as had been the custom for untold generations.

"Pictures of our forefathers of four or five hundred years ago," said Mr. Uchida, "show that they were considerably taller

Sadazachi Uchida
Consul General of Japan
in New York

than my people are now, and invariably they are pictured as sitting with their legs crossed in front of them. This custom of crowding the legs beneath the body is, I think, more responsible for the smaller stature of the race than lack of sufficient nourishment or of food of a poor quality.

"Proof of the correctness of this theory is found in the remarkable increase in stature of our young men since we began to use seats in the schools instead of mattings. It is not at all unusual nowadays to see men twenty or twenty-five years old more than six feet tall, and the next generation will doubtless see their numbers greatly increased.

WAR IS NOT WANTED

Baron Sternberg Declares Too Much Has Been Said About His Country's Intentions.

Washington, March 6.—Criticism of Germany's course at Algeciras, and charges that the German emperor is seeking there an excuse for trouble with France, rather than an agreement about Morocco, which have been current in Washington for some time, received an emphatic reply yesterday afternoon from Baron Speck Von Sternberg, the German ambassador, who discussed them in the course of a conversation with a correspondent for The Associated Press.

"The time has come for plain speech," the ambassador said, "enough has poured into America from European sources about Germany's intentions."

The ambassador then proceeded to deny in the most emphatic terms the charge that Germany wanted war. "It was for the specific object of reaching a peaceable arrangement that my government urged the conference at Algeciras," he said. The ambassador declared that Germany was contending for every important principle at Algeciras. "Important as is the German trade with Morocco," he said, "the commercial side of the question is of secondary consideration.

"Germany's policy has been and is to preserve the status quo in all countries whose rights rest on the laws of nations. It is this policy alone which has enabled Emperor William to maintain peace in Germany since the time he became the leader of Germany nineteen years ago, and to keep her out of the wars in which the great powers have since been engaged."

HAD BOMB IN HER HAIR

Plot to Kill Doubassoff Is Frustrated.

Moscow, March 6.—A boldly-planned attempt on the life of the vice admiral, Doubassoff, governor general of Moscow and member of the council of the empire, was frustrated yesterday.

As in the case of Vice Admiral Chouknian, who on February 9 of this year was the object of terrorist attack, the would-be assassin was a woman, and her method was practically the same as that of the woman who attempted the life of Chouknian.

Representing that she came from personal friends of the governor general, she gained admittance to the chancellory, but her agitation attracted the attention of an aide, who noticed particularly the luxuriance of the woman's hair, which was coiffed high upon her head. When she was interrogated she attempted to flee, but was seized and searched, and a small bomb was discovered concealed in her tresses. The identity of the woman has not been established.

"SCOTTY" SEEKS "SLIM"

Faithful Mule of the Miner Is Not to Be Found.

Los Angeles, Cal., March 6.—"Scotty's" famous mule "Slim" is again in the limelight. The miner's critics think "Scotty" is doing some press work for his forthcoming appearance on the stage, but be that as it may the millionaire's mountain nightingale has disappeared from its accustomed haunts and it is feared has been stolen by schemers against Walter Scott.

In consequence of this misfortune "Scotty" will race to Barstow this morning in a special train and organize a searching party at once.

"Slim" is the one important prop in his play, Scotty, the King of the Desert Mine, which is booked to open in Seattle on March 11. Should the mule fail to appear on the scene the play would be materially handicapped, as "Scotty" and Rol King, his financial manager, are firm in the belief that a play should not be made up of characterizations but the general characters themselves.

The theory that plotters against "Scotty's" fast growing fame are responsible for the disappearance of the mule is strongly adhered to by the Death Valley Cresus and his manager.

CREDIT IS GIVEN TAFT

His Work During Last Election in Ohio Applauded.

New York, March 6.—Delegates from nearly every section of the country were present today at the opening of the second national conference for the reform of the primary and election laws and corrupt practices acts, under the auspices of the National Civic Federation. Oscar S. Straus, president of the conference, opened the meeting with an address on "Reform of the Primaries and Election Laws."

He declared that there is no subject today of more vital concern to the people of this country, irrespective of party affiliations, than that the principles of popular government shall be handed down from generation to generation pure and undefiled.

"The brave and fearless conflict between honest and dishonest politics has seldom, if ever," he said, "won so signal and precious victories for the moral law as was achieved by Governor Folk, of Missouri; by Mayor Weaver, of Philadelphia; by Senator Colby in New Jersey; by Jerome in New York, and by the prosecuting attorney in Boston, and by similar victories against long entrenched bossism under the stimulating helpfulness and uncompromising attitude of Secretary Bonaparte in Maryland, and Secretary Taft in Ohio."

Mr. Straus said the people generally had been aroused by these victories and from this awakening has resulted a "renewed effort to break the chains of boss rule and to reclaim their rights as members of their party and as free and independent American citizens."

Mr. Straus introduced as the presiding officer of the session Josiah Quincy, former mayor of Boston.

Mr. Quincy said he believed most of the reforms in the election system could be traced to the Australian ballot law, which dates back not more than fifteen years.

Horace E. Deming, delegates of the City club, of New York, discussed "Elective Office in a Representative Democracy."

DIAMETRICALLY OPPOSED

Emperor William Must Intervene to Prevent Crisis at Algeciras.

Algeciras, Spain, March 6.—The positions as defined before the conference show that the Franco-German deadlock is practically the same in open conference as it was during the private exchanges of views. The text of the speech of Herr von Radowitz, head of the German delegation, at yesterday's session of the conference as given out, concludes as follows:

"The powers being equally interested in the police organization, they should equally participate in it."

France specifically declines equality in the organization of the police, claiming that it is a mere ruse to undermine France's legitimate special position in Morocco.

The text of the speech of M. Revoil, chief of the French mission reads:

"The internationalization of the police would give no guarantee of order and presents grave difficulties. We ask for recognition of the legitimate interests of France as a Mussulman power in north Africa and our special interests in the maintenance of order in Morocco."

M. Revoil's speech also gave France's exact plan for the police showing that the rank and file should consist of 2,000 Moroccans under sixteen French and Spanish officers. Germany's chief objection is that military bodies officered by Frenchmen would be stationed at four of the great Moroccan ports on the Atlantic, thus giving France a dominating influence on the Atlantic coast. The positions of France and Germany are so diametrically opposed that the delegates see little hope of reconciling them unless Emperor William personally intervenes.

GAPON SLURS PETROFF

Calls Him a Traitor and Tool of Social Democrats.

St. Petersburg, March 6.—Father Gapon in an open letter today denounces Father Gregori Petroff as a traitor and a tool of the Social Democrats, who, he says, are fighting against the true interests of the workingmen. Father Gapon also proposes a plan for a complete investigation of his organization by representatives of the various parties.

Father Petroff, during the investigation of the charges against the Gapon organization of accepting money from the government, charged a man named Sechoff with having obtained $2,500 from Father Gapon. Sechoff thereupon declared that he could not support the infamy involved in the charges and drawing a revolver he blew out his brains.

BOMB FACTORY LOCATED

Police Seize Outfit—Twenty "Rebs" Are Arrested.

St. Petersburg, March 6.—A wholesale bomb factory was captured by the police today at the lodgings of a druggist. One hundred and twenty loaded bombs were seized. The apartments had been the rendezvous of students and revolutionists, twenty of whom were captured. Another terrorist, who was arrested in the street, had a bomb in his pocket.

30 MEN WERE DROWNED

Hurricane Blows Ship Ashore—Boat Sinks.

Haugesund, Norway, March 1.—Thirty men were drowned last night by the wreck between Haugesund and Bergen, of the Norwegian coasting steamer Thor. The vessel's cable broke during a hurricane and she was blown ashore and sank. Only three of her crew were saved.

HE HUGGED THE ORGANIST

Pastor of Zion Lutheran Church at Utica Is Expelled.

Utica, March 6.—The Rev. Otto Von Buren, pastor of Zion Lutheran church, of this city, has been expelled from membership in the New York district of the Zion Lutheran synod as a result of the charge made against him by Mrs. Lillie Williams, the church organist, who alleged that the pastor had forced his love upon her and urged her to elope.

At the pastor's trial Mrs. Williams told of having been kissed and hugged in the choir loft and other places. Several witnesses corroborated the statements, but Mr. Von Buren stoutly denied all and the church board exonerated him.

Not satisfied with the decision the New York district sent a committee to Utica. Mr. Von Buren refused to submit to the synod's examination and as a result he has been expelled.

This decision will not affect his pastorate in Utica, as Zion church is not a member of the synod, but he cannot fill a pulpit in any Lutheran synod church hereafter.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY ILL

Has an Attack of Pneumonia—Is Very Weak.

Rochester, N. Y., March 6. — Miss Susan B. Anthony is seriously ill at her home here of pneumonia, which developed on her return from her recent visit to Washington.

Her physician, Dr. Marsena S. Ricker, said today: "Miss Anthony's left lung is now affected by pneumonia. Her right lung has practically cleared. As the re-

SUSAN B. ANTHONY

sult of nausea last night, she became very weak, but she rested well from 1 until 5 o'clock this morning. She is still unable to retain nourishment and consequently is very weak. Of course these conditions in Miss Anthony's case are serious. We hope that her constitution, which has been vigorous even in old age, will carry her through to an improved condition soon. It is difficult to say now what the change may be. This morning she was able to breath with less labor than yesterday."

MANY HAVE STARVED TO DEATH IN JAPAN.

Washington, March 6. — The secretary of the American National Red Cross has received information from Japan that the unprecedented condition in northern Japan has greatly increased the suffering in the famine stricken provinces. Millet is being bought with some of the relief funds, as that is cheaper than rice. Many have starved to death or died of the cold, and many more deaths are looked for in the next few months.

SETTLEMENT IS POSSIBLE

Now Thought France and Germany Would Agree.

Algeciras, March 5.—One of the delegates having a most vital interest in the conference on Moroccan reforms said last night, that a settlement of the controversy between France and Germany now seemed possible, but he declined to make known the lines the arrangement would take.

However, the trend of recent events tend to indicate that if any settlement was reached, it would most likely be because France would make concessions with reference to the bank question and Germany in return would adopt a less uncompromising attitude concerning the police.

CURE FOR STOMACHACHE

N. Y. Board of Education Considering New Method.

New York, March 6.—The board of education is said to be considering the advisability of establishing in this city, with the aid of the legislature, a free dentistry for school children where they must submit to examination and treatment for their teeth.

The board got the idea from Germany, where the city of Strassburg is conducting a school of dentistry on an experimental scale. Out of 12,691 pupils who were taken to the Strassburg dentistry, 7,065 had their teeth filled and 7,985 had teeth extracted.

Out of 2,269 children in Strassburg between three and six years old, only 362 were found to have sound teeth. Of 2,103 pupils between six and eight years only 160 had sound teeth.

Headache, earache and stomachache, as well as toothache, are said to have almost vanished from the Strassburg schools since the free compulsory dentistry was established.

THE MARKETS.

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, March 6.—Close.—Wheat responded to the firmer tone of Liverpool cables, and after a weak opening the market took on a firmer tone with prices reaching yesterday's closing level. With the reduction of the short interest, until it reached only a fgragment of its original size, the market was susceptible to the slightest bull news. Receipts in the northwest and southwest were inclined to be regarded as moderate factors in business. The northwest receipts today were 67 cars larger than those of a year ago, while southwest the receipts were about 35 cars less, indicating that the heavy snowfall was interfering with the crop movement. The crowd, as a rule, while bearish in temper, was timid about taking the short side though to the professional element there was ascribed much scalping. Offerings were limited. Undertone was steady.

Close was strong. Offerings came out sparingly. Available was announced at 4,391,000 bushels. Estimates were 4 cars. Exports were 72,000 bushels.

Primary wheat receipts were 432,000 bushels, against 556,000 a week ago and 405,000 a year ago; shipments were 173,000 bushels, against 190,000 and 260,000.

Doubtless corn was favorably affected by the higher foreign prices as indicated by Liverpool cables, and the fact that receipts are running smaller. The sentiment, however, was bearish. Offerings were scattered and the demand healthy.

Helped by the strength shown in provisions, corn closed strong. There was a heavy ingathering of the short interests, the pits becoming afraid of a restricted movement from the interior. Exports were 451,000 bushels, estimates were 142 cars.

Primary corn receipts were 679,000 bushels, against 671,000 a week ago and 250,000 a year ago; shipments were 509,000 bushels, against 471,000 and 484,000.

Though prices reflected no changes, the sentiment abounding in the pits was friendly to oats. Offerings were scattered while the demand was looking up. Receipts were about the usual size.

Market for oats was strong, the closing being at slightly advanced figures. Demand was far better than the selling. Exports were 81,000 bushels. Estimates were 134 cars.

Heavy shipments east of clover seed improved the tone of the market as was reflected in the higher prices paid today. Undertone was a strong affair. Offerings were light. Demand was keen and persistent. Receipts ran light. Estimates were light. Demand closed active with prices up.

TOLEDO.

	Today's March 5				
Wheat—	Open.	High.	Low.	Close.	Close.
Cash	*81½	82¼	81½	82½	81¾
May	82¾	83	82¾	83	82½
July	81¾	82	81¼	82	81½
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	43½	43
May	43⅝	44	43½	44	43½
July	44⅛	44½	44⅛	44½	44
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	32¼	32
May	31½	31¾	31½	31¾	31½
July	30¾	31	30¾	31	30¾
Clover Seed—					
Cash	....	....	....	8.32	8.30
March	8.32	8.32	8.32	8.32	8.30
April	*8.25	8.27	8.25	8.27	8.22
Oct.	6.20	6.20	6.20	6.20	6.20
Rye—					
No. 2	....	....	....	65	65
No. 3	....	....	....	61	61
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	1.60	1.60
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	8.20	8.20

* Bid.

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
May	85¼	85½	84⅞	85¼	85¼
July	85	85¼	84⅞	85¼	85¼
Corn—					
May	49	49⅜	48⅞	49⅜	49
July	49¼	49⅝	49¼	49⅝	49½

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
May	77	77⅜	76¾	77⅜	77¼
July	76⅞	77⅛	76½	77	76⅞

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	77¾	77¼
July	....	....	....	80	79⅝
Sept.	....	....	....	79¼	78¾

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	78¼	77¾
July	....	....	....	79⅝	79⅛

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
May	78½	79	78¼	79	78½
July	79⅛	79⅝	78⅝	79⅜	79
Sept.	78¾	79¼	78⅝	79¼	78¾
Corn—					
March	....	....	....	41¼	40½
May	43¼	43⅝	43	43⅝	43¼
July	43⅜	43⅝	43⅜	43⅝	43⅜
Sept.	44¼	44¼	43⅞	44¼	44
Dec.	42¾	43⅜	42¾	43⅜	42½
Oats—					
March	29⅞	30	29⅞	30	29⅞
May	30⅛	30¼	30	30¼	30⅛
July	29⅜	29⅝	29¼	29⅝	29⅜
Sept.	28¼	28¼	28⅛	28¼	28

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
May	15.75	15.75	15.45	15.72	15.70
July	15.60	15.67	15.55	15.65	15.72
Lard—					
May	7.90	7.90	7.82	7.85	7.90
July	8.00	8.00	7.95	7.95	8.00
Sept.	8.12	8.12	8.05	8.07	8.12
Ribs—					
March	8.35	8.35	8.23	8.30	8.35
July	8.40	8.40	8.30	8.32	8.40
Sept.	....	....	....	8.40	....

Hogs, 10 cars; steady; all grades, $6.70@6.75. Sheep, 10 cars; steady; best native lambs, $7.50@7.60; best western lambs, $7.20@7.40; yearling, $6.25@6.50; best wethers, sheep, $6.10; mixed sheep, $5.75; good heavy ewes, $5.50; culls, $3.50@4.50; calves, $5.00@9.50.

Money and Stocks.

New York, March 6.—(Wall Street.)—Opening prices in the stock market today showed a sprinkling of gains, but they were not amongst the market leaders and the general tendency was lower. Illinois Central fell 1¾, Reading 1⅛, St. Paul and Colorado Fuel a point and Smelting ¾. There was a rise of a point in Consolidated Gas and of large fractions in American Ice and Pacific Mail. Dealings were active and widely distributed.

Effective buying converted the opening tone of weakness into one of strength, especially in Reading, the Hill stocks, Amalgamated Copper, Smelting and Colorado Fuel, which were notably depressed from yesterday's selling. Today's losses were soon made up and a good margin obtained besides, but the top figures were not held, the market becoming dull and heavy again. Lead, Great Northern preferred and Northern Pacific gained 2¼. Smelting, Sloss-Sheffield Steel, General Electric and Locomotive 1½ and Cleveland, C., C. & St. Louis and Sugar 1. Chicago Great Western preferred B. fell 2 points. Near 11 o'clock the market rose sturdily again under the leadership of Amalgamated Copper, which crossed 102. Prices in the general list were held by sharp advances in special stocks. The southwestern group was conspicuous. Kansas & Texas preferred and Wabash Debenture bonds rose 3, Wabash preferred 2½, Kansas & Texas 1⅝, Colorado & Southern preferred and Norfolk & Western 1¼ and St. Louis Southwestern, Union Pacific, St. Paul and Reading 1. Strength amongst the industrials also was in spots. The rise in Amalgamated Copper reached 2 points, Anaconda 5½, Virginia-Carolina Chemical 1⅜, the preferred 3½, American Woolen 1⅝ and the preferred Colorado Fuel, Distillers' Securities, Cotton Oil and Hide and Leather preferred 1½. The market were very dull and inclined to sag at noon. Bonds were steady.

Speculation became more lively again, the impetus given to the market by the confident buying of special stocks causing some revival of interest in the general market. The demand subsided again after the entire market had been placed over yesterday's closing. The chief advances were Great Northern preferred 4½, Northern Pacific 2¾, New York, Chicago & St. Louis and Amalgamated Copper 2¾, the Republic Steel stocks and Pressed Steel Car preferred 2, New York Central, Kansas City Southern preferred and Metropolitan Street Railway 1½ and Southern Railway, Atlantic Coast Line, Colorado & Southern, United States Steel preferred, American Car, Pressed Steel Car, North American, Pacific Mail and Brooklyn Transit 1 to 1¼.

Live Stock.

Following prices in Chicago, hogs declined about five cents at the Toledo stock yards today. The demand was active on the recessions, but offerings came out sparingly. Receipts were not large. Quality ran to medium weights. Cattle and calves ruled steady to strong, the slaughterers' demand being unusually keen. Sheep and lambs were about steady, with undertone buoyant. Receipts in both grades were light.

Hogs—Selected heavies, average 250 to 300 lbs., $6.55; good medium, average 200 to 250 lbs. and mixed, $6.35; Yorkers, $6.35@6.40; bulk of sales, $6.55; pigs, $6.35@6.50; stags and roughs, $3.00@5.75.

Cattle—Good to prime steers, 1,200 lbs. and up, $4.50@5.25; fair to choice steers, $3.00@3.75; good to choice feeders, $3.50@4.25; fair to best, $2.50@3.00; heifers, $2.75@4.00; bulls, $2.25@4.00; calves, $7.50.

Sheep and lambs—Good to choice yearlings, $4.25@4.50; culls and common, $2.00@2.50; spring lambs, $6.50@7.25.

U. S. Yards, Cleveland, O., March 6.—(Bower & Bower's special report to The Blade.)—Hogs—Receipts, 20 cars; market strong; early sales, mixed, $6.70; later, $6.60; closing steady. Sheep, lambs, cattle, steady.

Chicago, March 6.—Cattle receipts 4,500; market steady to strong; beeves, $3.90@6.40; cows and heifers, $1.50@5.00; stockers and feeders, $2.65@4.70; Texans, $3.75@4.50.

Hogs—Receipts 19,000 head; market weak; mixed and butchers, $6.30@6.50; good heavy, $6.35@6.55; rough heavy, $6.10@6.25; light, $6.15@6.45; pigs, $5.85@6.30; bulk of sales, $6.40@6.45.

Sheep receipts 16,000 head; markets low; prices steady. Sheep, $3.75@6.10; lambs, $4.90@7.10.

U. S. Yards, Pittsburg, March 6.—Special from Brinkman, Wood & Beck.—Supply hogs light, 5c higher; medium heavy hogs, heavy yorkers, $6.75@6.80; light yorkers, $6.65; hogs, $6.50@6.60. Sheep, $4.50@6.00; native lambs, $6.00@7.55; western lambs, $5.00@7.40.

Stock Yards, East Buffalo, N. Y., March 6.—(Swope, H., W. & B.'s Special Report to The Blade).—Cattle, 2 cars; steady. U. S. Steel.....39¼ 40⅛ 39⅛ 39⅞

U. S. Steel pfd.....104⅝ 105⅝ 104¼ 105
Virginia Chem. 51⅝ 50 51¼
Wabash com. 23¾ 23¾ 23¾
Wabash pfd. 48½ 50¾ 48½ 50¼
Wab. Deb. Bs..... 82½ 82¾ 81½ 81½
Western Union 93½ 93¾ 93½ 93¾
W. & L. E. com.... 20 20 20 20
W. & L. E. 1st pfd.. 45 45 45 45

Cotton.

New York, March 6.—The cotton market opened firm at an advance of 7@10 points, in response to higher cables and reports of a continued big spot demand. The weather was fairly good and the estimates for tomorrow's receipts at Houston was liberal. These items checked outside demand and the market ruled quiet during the first hour, with prices sagging off to within 4 or 5 points of last night's finals, under scattered realizing and some selling by local bears.

The market at midday continued quiet, with prices steady at a net advance of 4@5 points; spot cotton quiet; middling uplands, 11.30; middling gulf, 11.55.

Estimated receipts at the ports today, 33,000 bales, against 27,466 last week and 50,117 last year; for the week, 0,000 bales, against 104,061 last week and 169,664 last year. Today's receipts at New Orleans, 10,908 bales, against 14,495 last year, and at Houston, 6,287 bales, against 11,871 last year.

Cotton futures opened steady: March, 10.56; April, 10.60@10.65; May, 10.77; June, 10.84@10.86; July, 10.90; July, 10.84; September offered at 10.48; October, 10.36; November, 10.37; December, 10.38; January, 10.40@10.43.

Wool.

Boston, March 6.—The wool market is moderately active at firm prices. The majority of purchases are by woolen mills. Scoured territory, California and Texas wools are being taken in a satisfactory manner. Stocks of fleeces have been well depleted. Fine Ohio delaine is held at 36@37c, but the amount now remaining is scarcely worthy of notice. Ohio XX is in a similar position at 34c. The medium unwashed fleeces are more active and some transfers are being made. Half blood is now worth 33c as a top price. Michigan fine unwashed is moving in a small way at 24@25c with some three-eighths and half blood at 32@33c.

Toledo Produce Market.

Butter—Steady. Fancy Elgin creamery, 1-lb prints, 29½c; solid packed, 27½c; dairy, 16@17c; packing stocks, 15½c.

Eggs—Strictly fresh, 16c; storage, 14c.

Cheese—Michigan full cream, 13½c.

Beets—New, per bushel, 60c.

Beans—Navy (hand picked), $1.75.

Brussels Sprouts—Per quart, 25c.

Celery—Per bunch, 30@35c; California celery, Jumbo, 85c; extra Jumbo, $1.00.

Cabbage—Danish, pound, 2c; per ton, $35.00.

Lettuce—Per lb., 13c.

Carrots—New, per bushel, 50c.

Onions—Spanish, per crate, $1.40; home-grown, 50c per bushel.

Green Onions—Per bunch, 15c.

Parsnips—Per bushel, 60c.

Potatoes—New Michigan White, per bu., 58c; new potatoes, $2.25 bu.

Potatoes—Jersey sweets, $3.50 per bbl.; $1.25 per bushel.

Radishes—Per dozen, 85c.

Spinach—Per bushel, $1.10@1.25.

Canadian Rutabagas—Per bushel, 40c.

Squash—Hubbard, per dozen, 60c; $8.00 per ton.

Turnips—Per bu., new, 35c.

Apples—York State, Baldwins, per bbl., $5.25; Russets, per bbl., $5.25; Kings, per bbl., $5.75; Greenings, $5.50.

Cranberries—Cape Cod, per bu., $3.00; per bbl., $14.50; Howells, per bu., $3.00; per bbl., $14.50.

Poultry — Alive — Chickens, 10½@11½c; turkeys, 16c; ducks, 12c; geese, 10@11c.

Poultry — Dressed — Chickens, 13@13½c; turkeys, 18@20c; ducks, 13@14c; geese, 12½c.

Dressed Hogs—6¾@7¼c; cows, 4@6½c; lambs, 8@9c; spring lambs, 11@12c; calves, 9@10c.

N. Y. Produce.

New York, March 6.—Beef—Steady; pork, firm.

Lard—Steady; middle western prime, $7.85@7.90.

Sugar—Raw, steady; fair refining, 2 29-32@3 5-16c; centrifugal, 96 test, 3 12-32@3 7-16c; molasses sugar, 2 21-32@2 11-16c; refined, quiet; crushed, $5.30; powdered, $4.70